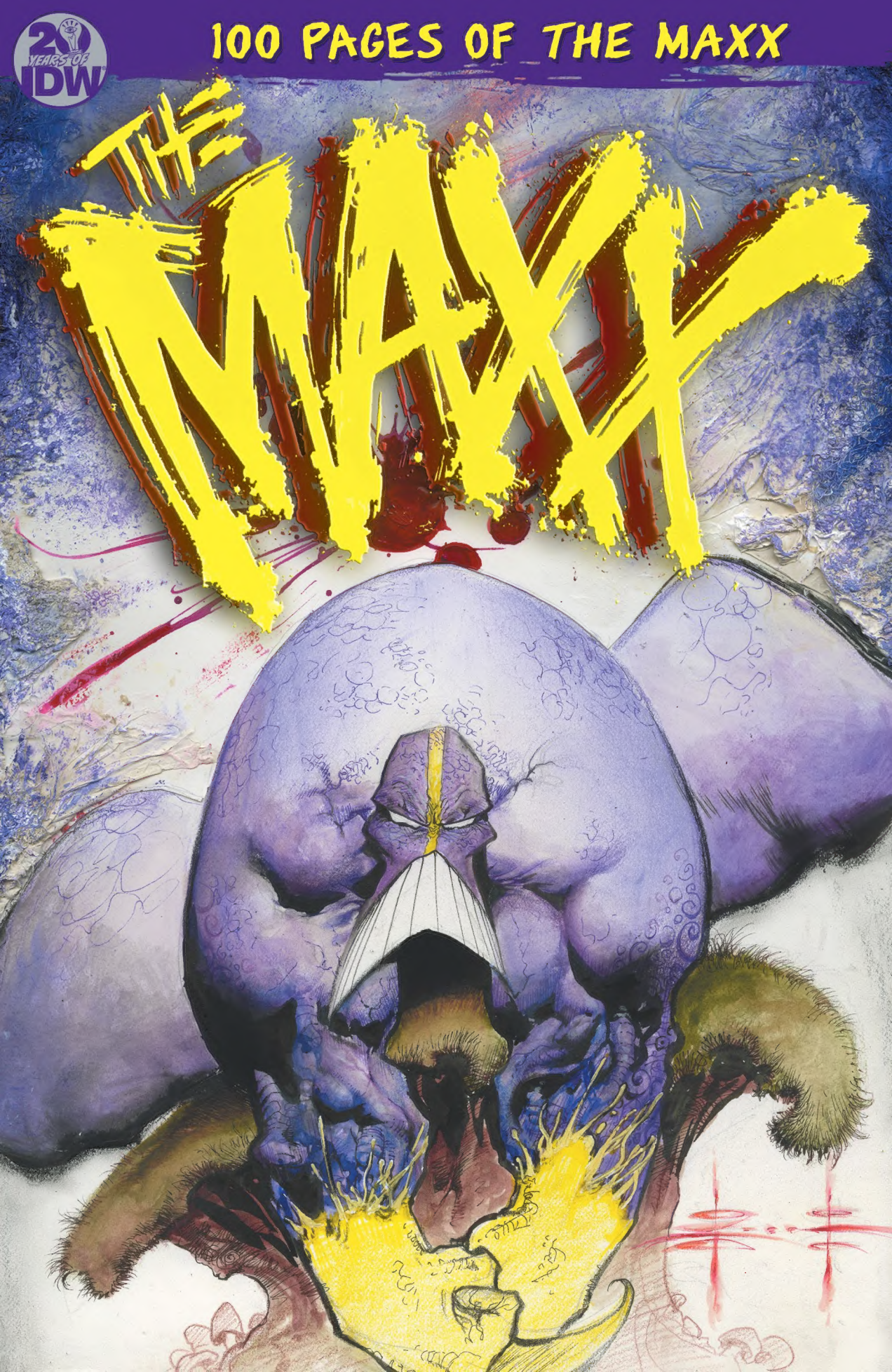

20 YEARS OF IDW
100 PAGES OF THE MAXX
THE MAXX

ISSUE #1

WRITTEN BY
SAM KIETH (STORY) AND
WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS (SCRIPT)

ARTWORK BY
SAM KIETH

ADDITIONAL INKS BY
JIM SINCLAIR

COLORS BY
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS BY
MIKE HEISLER

ISSUE #21

WRITTEN BY
SAM KIETH (STORY & SCRIPT) AND
ALAN MOORE (SCRIPT)

ARTWORK BY
SAM KIETH

FINISHES BY
JIM SINCLAIR

COLORS BY
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS BY
MIKE HEISLER

ISSUE #23

WRITTEN BY
SAM KIETH (STORY) AND
WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS (SCRIPT)

ARTWORK BY
SAM KIETH

FINISHES BY
JIM SINCLAIR

COLORS BY
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS BY
DENNIS HEISLER

HERO COMICS 2014

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
SAM KIETH

COLORS BY
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS BY
SHAWN LEE

EDITS BY
SCOTT DUNBIER

DESIGN BY
ROBBIE ROBBINS

The Maxx created by Sam Kieth

For international rights, contact **licensing@idwpublishing.com**

IDW®
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

Chris Ryall, President & Publisher/CCO • **John Barber**, Editor-in-Chief • **Robbie Robbins**, EVP/Sr. Art Director • **Cara Morrison**, Chief Financial Officer • **Matthew Ruzicka**, Chief Accounting Officer • **Anita Frazier**, SVP of Sales and Marketing • **David Hedgecock**, Associate Publisher • **Jerry Bennington**, VP of New Product Development • **Lorelei Bunjes**, VP of Digital Services • **Justin Eisinger**, Editorial Director, Graphic Novels and Collections • **Eric Moss**, Sr. Director, Licensing & Business Development

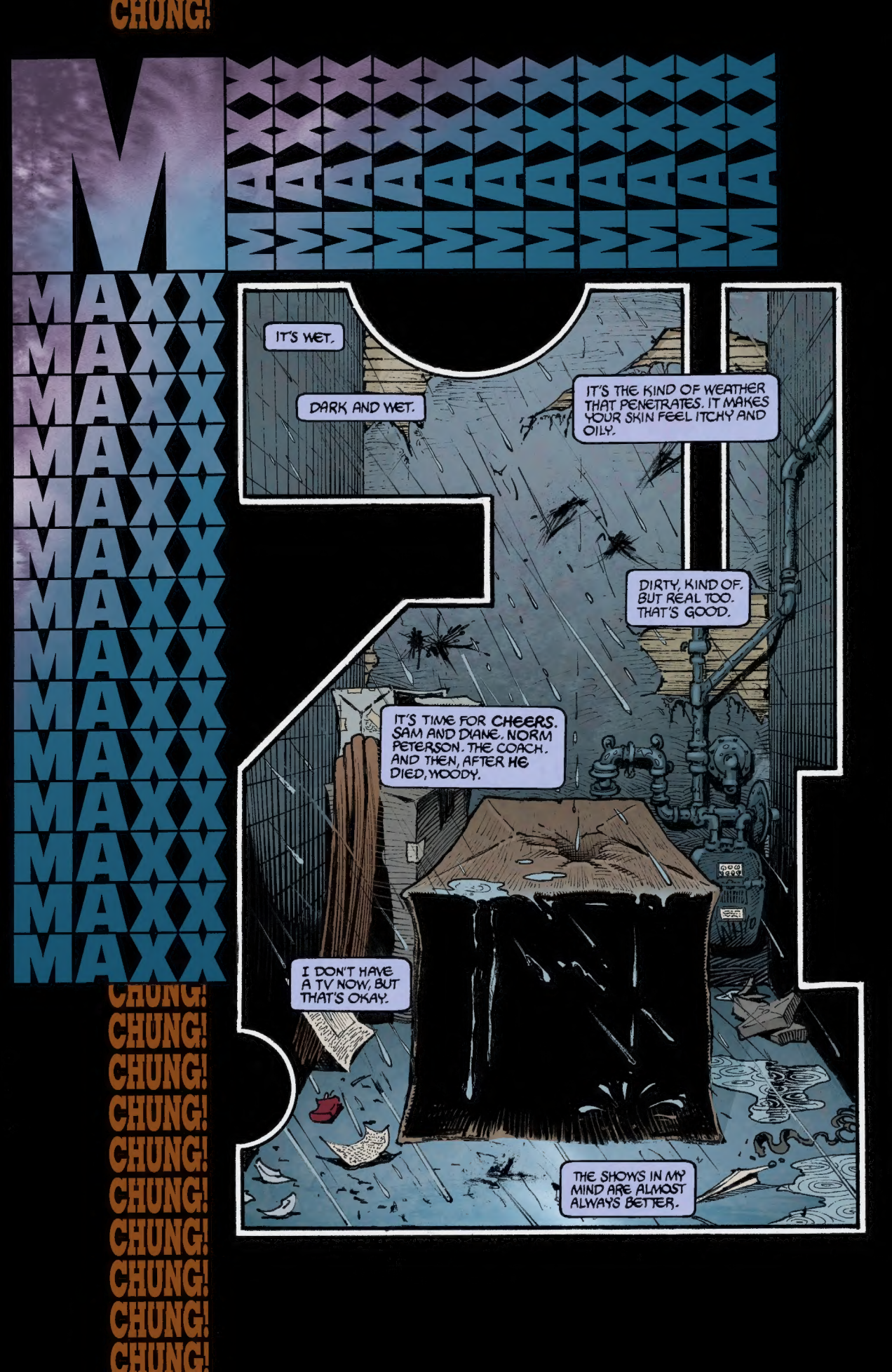
Ted Adams, IDW Founder

Facebook: **facebook.com/idwpublishing** • Twitter: **@idwpublishing** • YouTube: **youtube.com/idwpublishing**
Tumblr: **tumblr.idwpublishing.com** • Instagram: **instagram.com/idwpublishing**

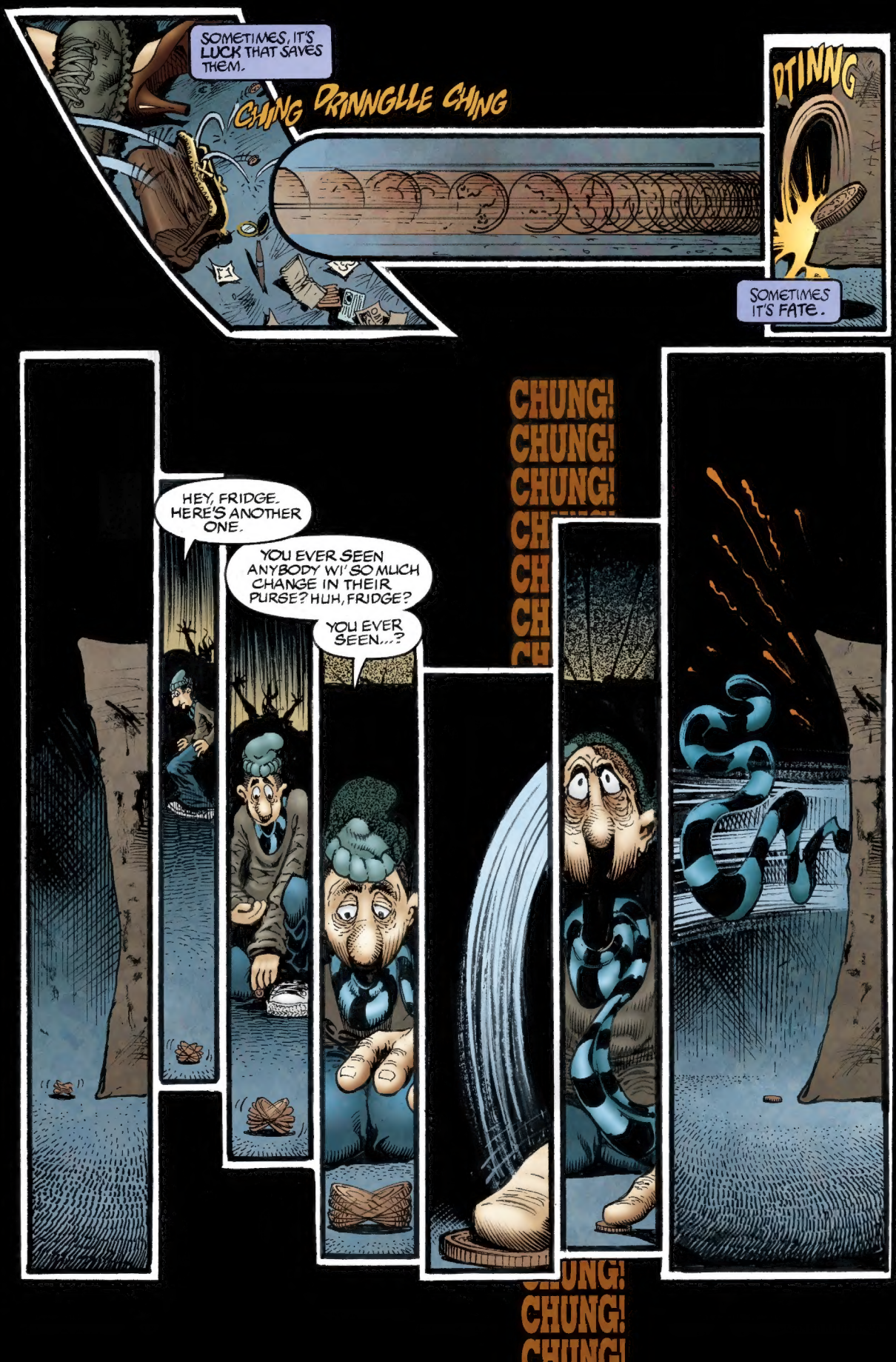
THE MAXX 100-PAGE GIANT. FEBRUARY 2019. FIRST PRINTING. THE MAXX is ™ & © 2019 Sam Kieth. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.© 2019 Idea and Design Works, LLC. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in KOREA.
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

THE
MASK

issue #1
THE MASK

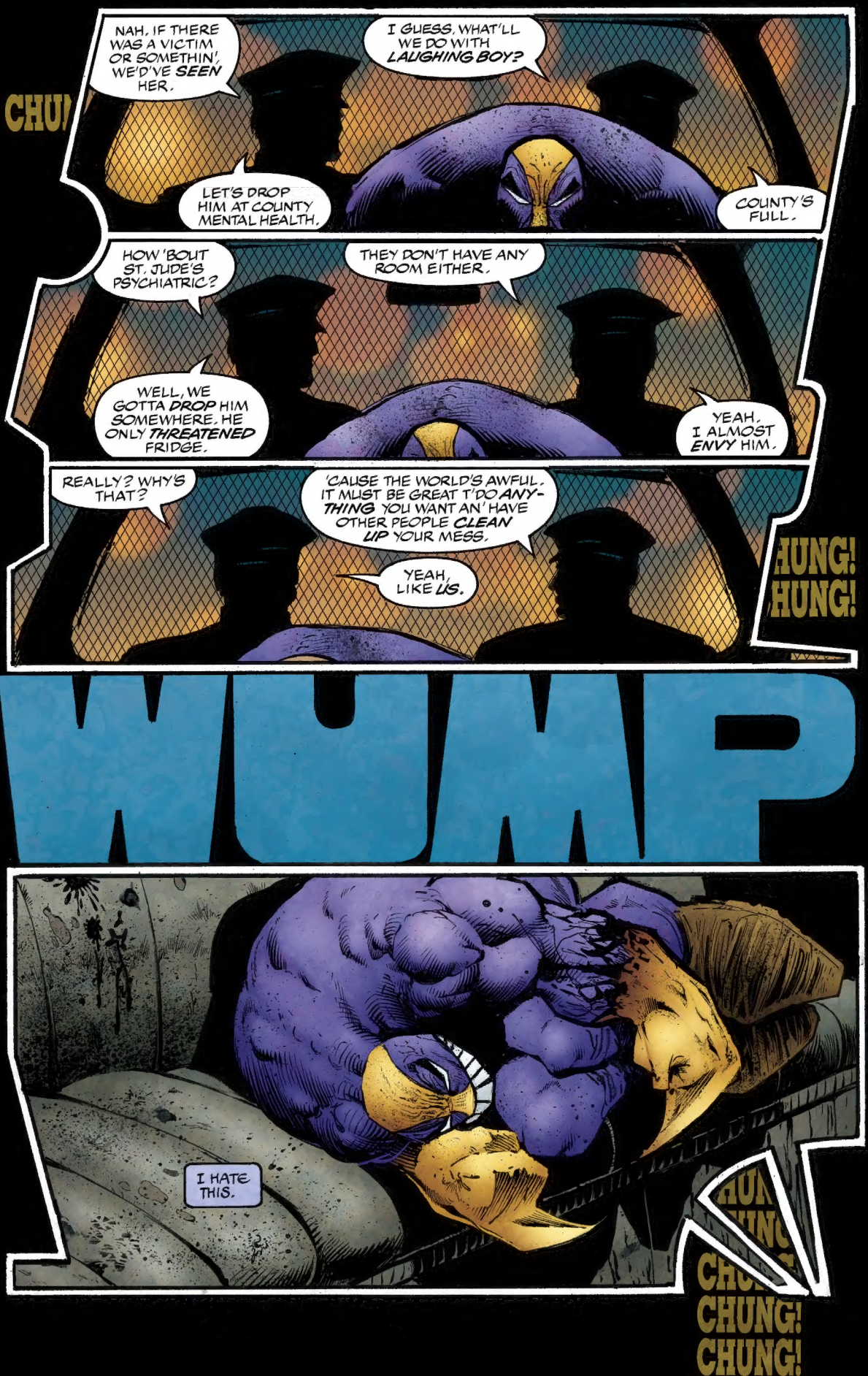

CHUNG!
MAXX
IT'S WET.
DARK AND WET.
IT'S THE KIND OF WEATHER THAT PENETRATES. IT MAKES YOUR SKIN FEEL ITCHY AND OILY.
DIRTY, KIND OF. BUT REAL TOO. THAT'S GOOD.
IT'S TIME FOR CHEERS. SAM AND DIANE. NORM PETERSON. THE COACH. AND THEN, AFTER HE DIED, WOODY.
I DON'T HAVE A TV NOW, BUT THAT'S OKAY.
THE SHOWS IN MY MIND ARE ALMOST ALWAYS BETTER.

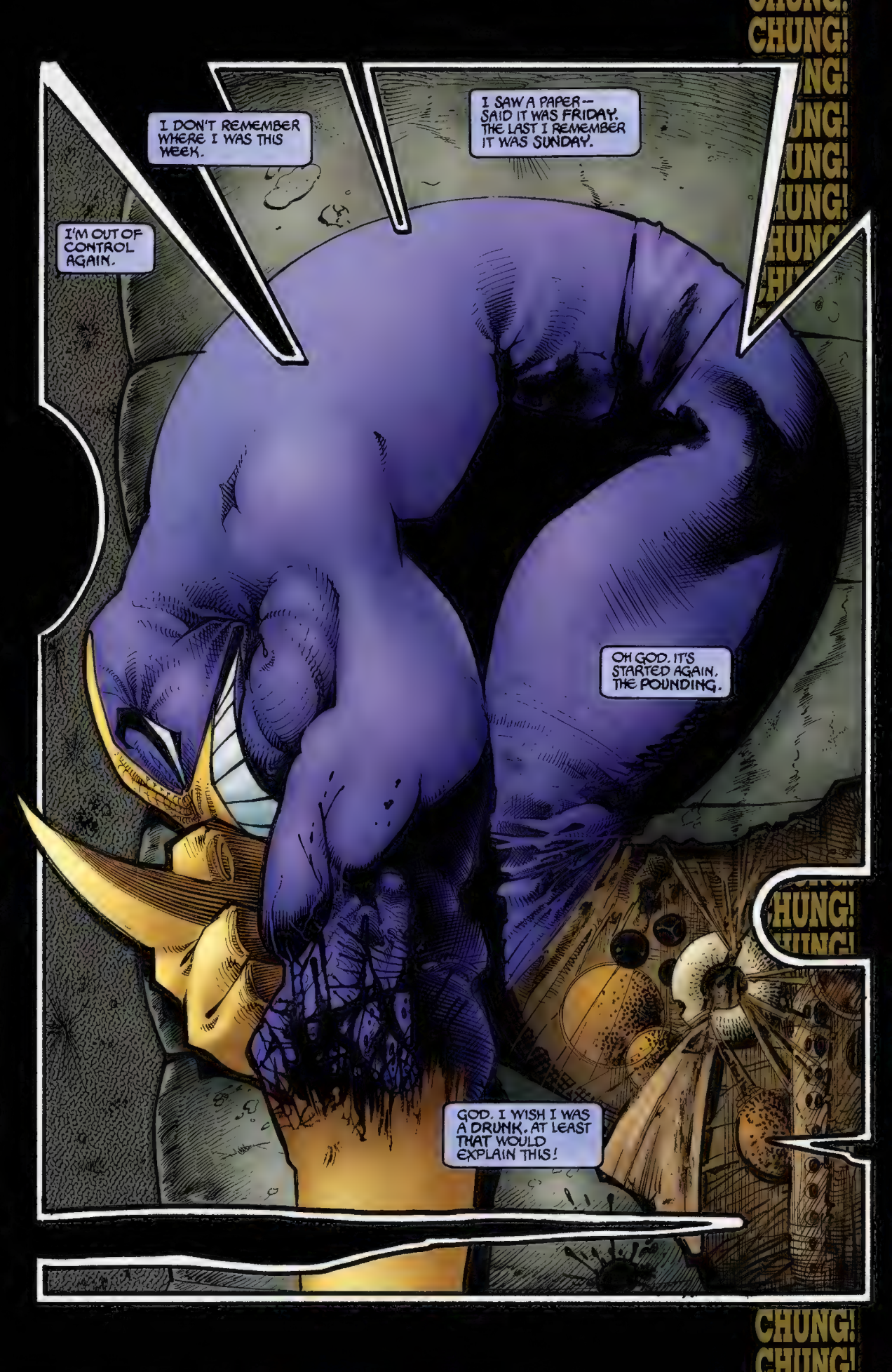
THE THEATER CROWD'S JUST ARRIVING.
LOOKIT.
YEAH. RENNY DELIVERS, DON'T HE?
IDIOT. DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HIS OWN STUPID BUSINESS.
THE SKINNY ONE'S TEEGO. THE BIG ONE'S FRIDGE.
THEY BEAT PEOPLE UP. TAKE THEIR MONEY. KILL THEM SOMETIMES.
THE CAB DRIVER GETS A THIRD.
I'M GOING TO MISS THE CURTAIN. IF HE DOESN'T KNOW THE CITY, I DON'T SEE HOW HE CAN GET A LICENSE!
THIS ISN'T THE JOLSON! WE'RE THREE BLOCKS...
OH, CRAP! NEVER MIND! I'LL WALK!
ONE WOMAN, THEY BEAT HER HEAD SO HARD AGAINST THE SIDEWALK, THEY CRACKED THE CONCRETE.
ANOTHER GOT AWAY BY RUNNING THREE BLOCKS ON A BROKEN FOOT.
SOMETIMES, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY PEOPLE GET SAVED. SUICIDAL BRAVERY.


SOMETIMES, IT'S LUCK THAT SAVES THEM.
CHING DRINNGLLE CHING
DTINNG
SOMETIMES IT'S FATE.
CHUNG! CHUNG! CHUNG!
HEY, FRIDGE. HERE'S ANOTHER ONE.
YOU EVER SEEN ANYBODY WI' SO MUCH CHANGE IN THEIR PURSE? HUH, FRIDGE?
YOU EVER SEEN...?
CHUNG! CHUNG! CHUNG!

WHA... WHO ARE YOU...?
HEY...! NO... NO!
AAEEEH!
YEAH. USUALLY, IT'S FATE...
Ichreckk
BUT, SOMETIMES, IT'S ME.

AND SOMETIMES IT'S *US!*
DAMN. I WAS TALKING OUT LOUD AGAIN.
OKAY, EVERYBODY *FREEZE!*
OH, GOD! FINALLY THE COPS! IS MY PURSE AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE?
THE POLICE ARE GONE.
THAT BUM IN THE MASK WAS TRYING TO HELP ME.
D'YOU THINK I SHOULD GIVE HIM SOME *MONEY?*
AFTER ALL, I COULD'VE BEEN *RAPED* AND *MURDERED.*
HEY, YOU'RE NOT...
NO. I'M NOT.
SAY, TODD. D'YOU REMEMBER A *WOMAN* BACK THERE...?

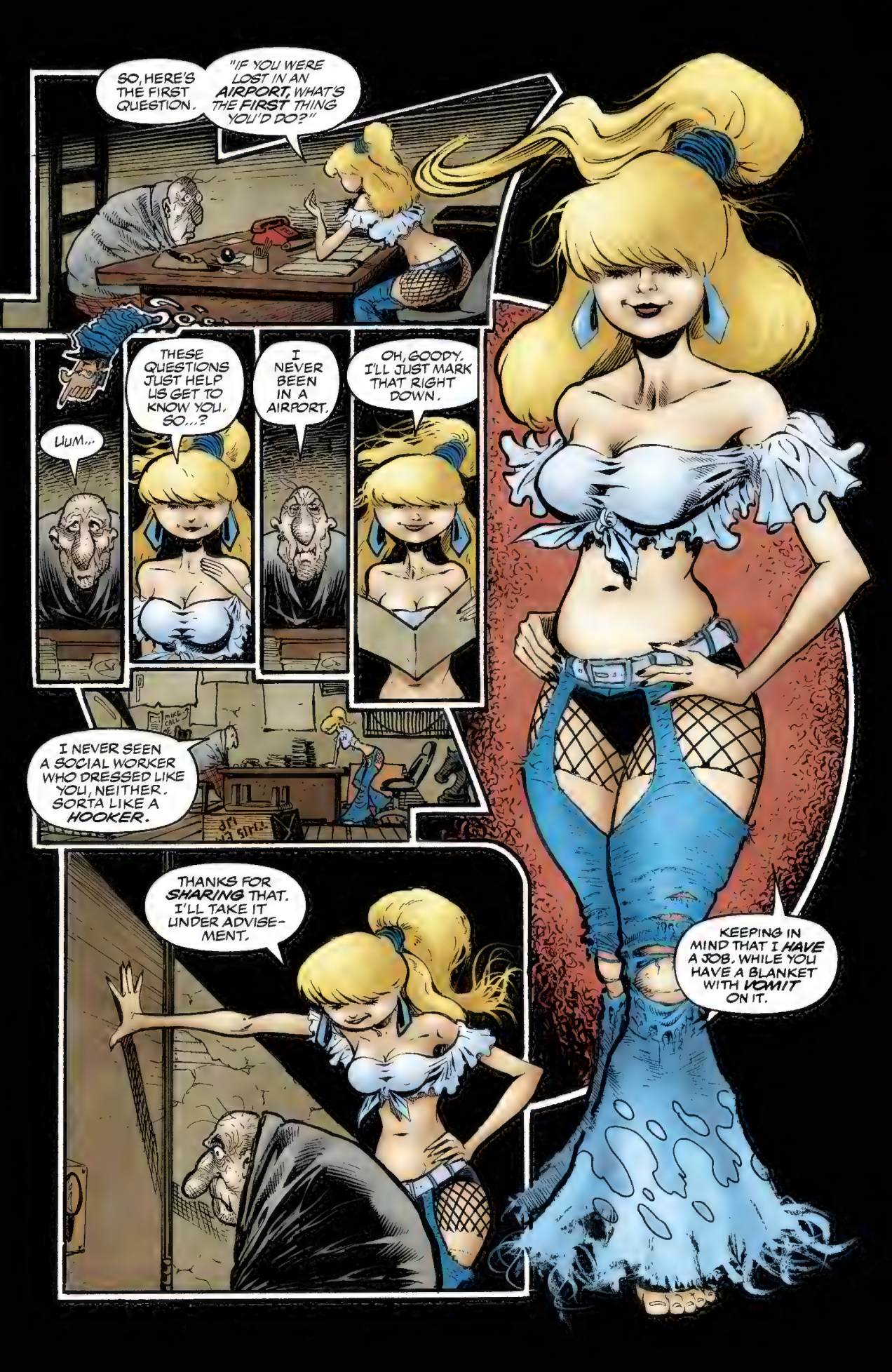

CHU!
NAH, IF THERE WAS A VICTIM OR SOMETHIN', WE'D'VE SEEN HER.
I GUESS, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH LAUGHING BOY?
LET'S DROP HIM AT COUNTY MENTAL HEALTH.
COUNTY'S FULL.
HOW 'BOUT ST. JUDE'S PSYCHIATRIC?
THEY DON'T HAVE ANY ROOM EITHER.
WELL, WE GOTTA DROP HIM SOMEWHERE. HE ONLY THREATENED FRIDGE.
YEAH, I ALMOST ENVY HIM.
REALLY? WHY'S THAT?
'CAUSE THE WORLD'S AWFUL. IT MUST BE GREAT T'DO ANY-THING YOU WANT AN' HAVE OTHER PEOPLE CLEAN UP YOUR MESS.
YEAH, LIKE US.
HUNG!
HUNG!
WUMP
I HATE THIS.
CHUNG!
CHUNG!


I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE I WAS THIS WEEK.
I SAW A PAPER -- SAID IT WAS FRIDAY. THE LAST I REMEMBER IT WAS SUNDAY.
I'M OUT OF CONTROL AGAIN.
OH GOD. IT'S STARTED AGAIN, THE POUNDING.
GOD. I WISH I WAS A DRUNK. AT LEAST THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THIS!
CHUNG!
CHUNG!
CHUNG!

GREAT. WHERE THE HECK AM I NOW?

SO NOW WHAT?
WHAT THE HECK... LITTLE HANDS?
WHY ARE THESE HANDS SPROUTING AROUND ME?
EACH IS AS STRONG AS A MAN...
HUNGRY AS DEATH...
THEY WILL DRAG A MAN DOWN TO NOTHINGNESS...
TO OBLIVION!

STARTING TO FADE... IT'S STARTING TO COME BACK TO ME NOW... BACK TO AUSTRALIA.
NO, THE REAL AUSTRALIA. THE SMOKING CAVES. THE GODS WHO EAT MOUNTAINS, THE FLYING DRAGONS, THE RIVERS OF GOLD. THE LEOPARD QUEEN.
TAUNTING ME...ALMOST AN ENEMY... BEAUTIFUL AND FERAL AS THE GREAT BEASTS SHE RUNS WITH, STILL SHE INSPIRES ME...
NOT THE AUSTRALIA THEY TEACH YOU ABOUT... MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, THE OUTBACK...
FOR HER I CAN BE...
...A HERO!

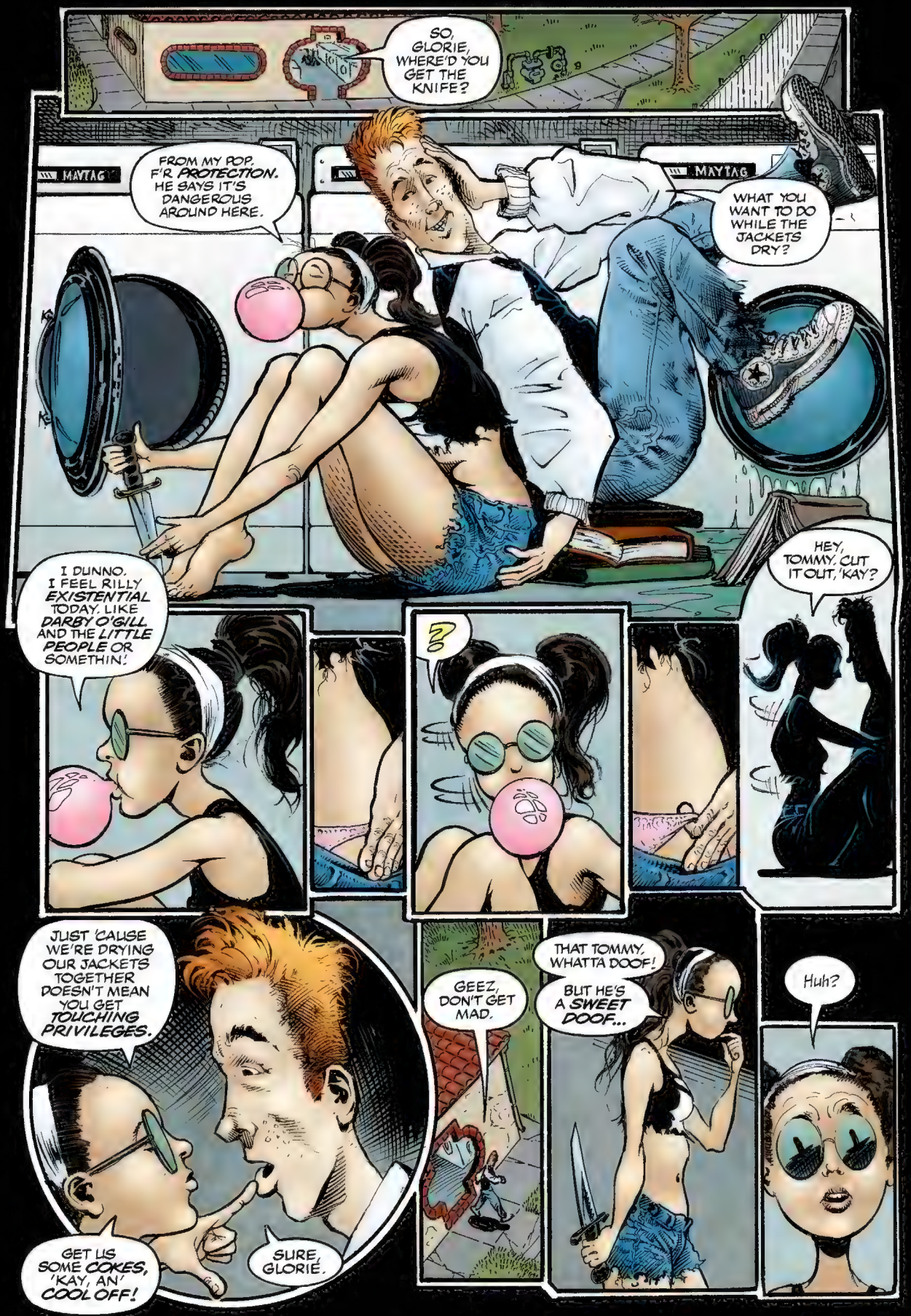

SO, HERE'S THE FIRST QUESTION.
"IF YOU WERE LOST IN AN AIRPORT, WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU'D DO?"
UUM...
THESE QUESTIONS JUST HELP US GET TO KNOW YOU. SO...?
I NEVER BEEN IN A AIRPORT.
OH, GOODY. I'LL JUST MARK THAT RIGHT DOWN.
I NEVER SEEN A SOCIAL WORKER WHO DRESSED LIKE YOU, NEITHER. SORTA LIKE A HOOKER.
THANKS FOR SHARING THAT. I'LL TAKE IT UNDER ADVISE-MENT.
KEEPING IN MIND THAT I HAVE A JOB, WHILE YOU HAVE A BLANKET WITH VOMIT ON IT.

RRRIINNGGG
HELLO, CITY HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES.
I DID IT FOR YOU, JULIE. THE PAIN... THE SEX... IT WAS ALL FOR YOU...
BANG!
PHONE CREEPS!
RRIN
NOT AGAIN...!
LISTEN, FILTH...
Oh, HELLO, SGT. OCONO.
YOU'VE GOT HIM AGAIN?
HOLD ON TO HIM, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN.
YES, I KNOW HE GIVES YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE...
I KNOW YOU DON'T GET PAID NEARLY ENOUGH...
I'LL BRING THE USUAL. BYE.
:sigh: IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE GRAFT, CORRUPTION, AND VIOLENCE, THIS CITY WOULDN'T BE ANY FUN AT ALL.

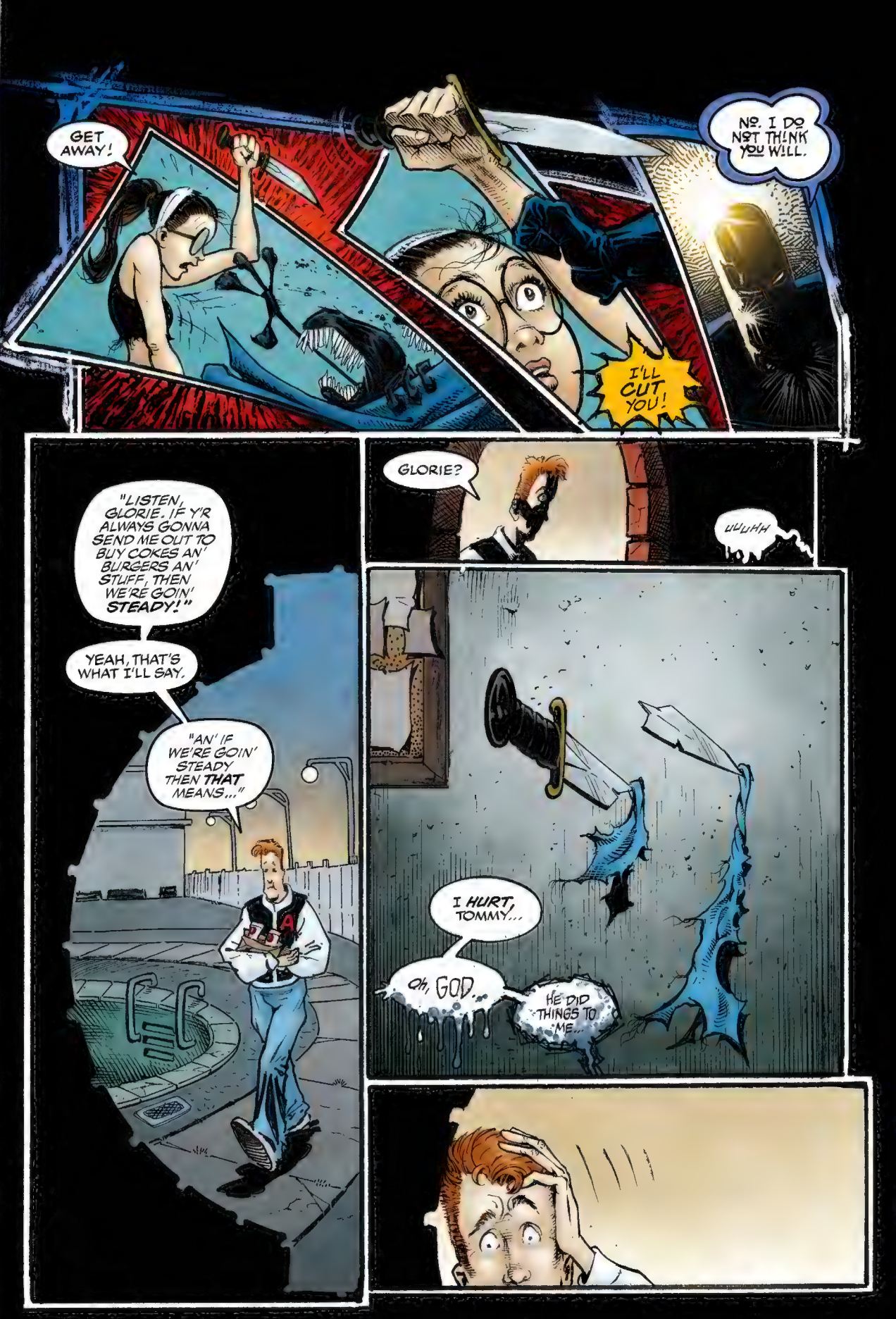
SO HERE I AM AGAIN, BAILING HIM OUT.
ASSAULT AND BATTERY. BREAKING AND ENTERING, ATTEMPTED MURDER. EVERYTIME IT'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT. HE REALLY THINKS HE'S SOME KIND OF FLAMING SUPERHERO.
POLICE
POLICE
NOT THAT THE CITY COULDN'T USE ONE!
HI, OCONO. YOU GOTTA PACKAGE HERE FOR ME?
YEAH. YOU SHOULDN'T HANG AROUND WITH THESE CREEPS, MISS JULIE. THERE WAS ANOTHER RAPE LAST NIGHT.
IF YOU DON'T ACT STUPID, YOU DON'T GET RAPED.
BLAME THE VICTIM, WHY DONCHA?
IT'S A HARD WORLD, OCONO. THERE'S ALWAYS ENOUGH BLAME T'GO AROUND.

HEY, MAXX.
IT'S GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO BUY YOU OUTTA HERE. YOU ALMOST BIT OFF BAKER'S FINGER THIS TIME.
I DIDN'T DO IT.
WELL, HE JUST GOT TWELVE STITCHES TO HOLD HIS HAND TOGETHER.
IF IT WASN'T YOU, THEN WHO DID IT?
IT WAS THE MASK.
RIGHT.
I WARNED HIM NOT TO GET TOO CLOSE.
LET'S JUST DROP IT, OKAY?
YOU NEED SOME NEW CLOTHES, SOME FOOD AND A HOT BATH.
OKAY, BUT NO BUBBLES THIS TIME.

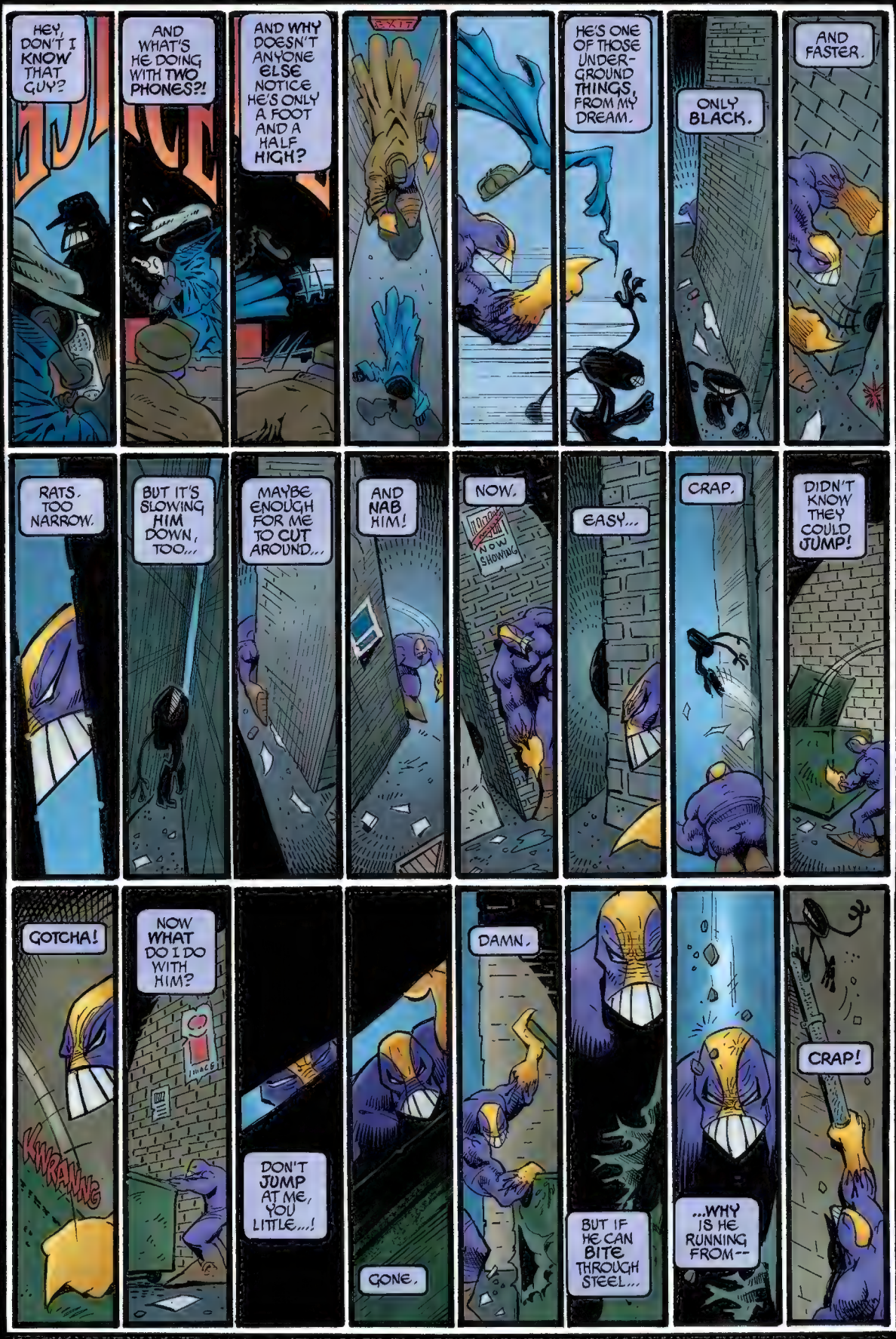
THEY COME OUT OF THE GROUND... PULLING ME DOWN...
I HAVE TO FIGHT BACK, OR BE DESTROYED!
THEN I WAKE UP. AS USUAL IT WAS ALL A DREAM.
ALLEY OOP, SNOOKS. IT'S ALMOST NIGHT. THIS IS MY HOUSE. NOT A HOTEL.
I BOUGHT YOU A COAT AND HAT, SO YOU WON'T BE QUITE SO CONSPICUOUS.
NOT THAT BEING LARGE, VIOLENT, PURPLE AND YELLOW ISN'T A GOOD DISGUISE...
BIG GULP
BUY MILK
THROW OUT MILK


SO, GLORIE, WHERE'D YOU GET THE KNIFE?
FROM MY POP. F'R PROTECTION. HE SAYS IT'S DANGEROUS AROUND HERE.
MAYTAG
MAYTAG
WHAT YOU WANT TO DO WHILE THE JACKETS DRY?
I DUNNO. I FEEL RILLY EXISTENTIAL TODAY. LIKE DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE OR SOMETHIN!
?
HEY, TOMMY. CUT IT OUT, 'KAY?
JUST 'CAUSE WE'RE DRYING OUR JACKETS TOGETHER DOESN'T MEAN YOU GET TOUCHING PRIVILEGES.
GET US SOME COKES, 'KAY, AN' COOL OFF!
SURE, GLORIE.
GEEZ, DON'T GET MAD.
THAT TOMMY, WHATTA DOOF!
BUT HE'S A SWEET DOOF...
Huh?

THE MACHINES BEGIN TO LEAK AND BELCH
I CAN HEAR THE BEATING OF HER HEART.
WHO'S THERE...?
SHE IS LIKE A SMALL, DELICIOUS SLUG. I HAVE ONLY TO CLOSE MY HAND TO POSSESS HER.
CRAP.
HI. HONEY. I'M HOME.
MEEP
MEEP
MEEP
MEEP
MEEP!
MEEP


GET AWAY!
I'LL CUT YOU!
NO. I DO NOT THINK YOU WILL.
"LISTEN, GLORIE. IF Y'R ALWAYS GONNA SEND ME OUT TO BUY COKES AN' BURGERS AN' STUFF, THEN WE'RE GOIN' STEADY!"
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I'LL SAY.
"AN' IF WE'RE GOIN' STEADY THEN THAT MEANS..."
GLORIE?
UUUHH
I HURT, TOMMY...
OH, GOD..
HE DID THINGS TO ME...

TRY NOT TO GET INTO ANY FIGHTS, OKAY, MAXX?
THE WOMAN I SAVED YESTERDAY WAS RAPED AND MUTILATED. IT SAID SO ON THE NEWS. I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE FANATIC! A FEW WOMEN WHO CAN'T TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES GET MESSED WITH AND YOU RIDE TO THE RESCUE!
WHO ARE YOU TO ASSUME RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR LIVES?
PAGLIA
SEX, ART, AND AMERICAN CULTURE
PRRINGG
I AM THE MAXX. ANSWER YOUR PHONE.
HULLO?
THE OTHERS CRY OUT FOR YOU, JULIE WINTERS! THEIR SCREAMS OF AGONY ARE THE KISSES THAT I PLACE ALONG YOUR NECK!
THAT'S... VERY INTERESTING. TELL ME MORE.
BIG GULP
STUDY #47041
CALL SAM ERS-GIIO
DEAR
DOUBTLESS ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS TAPPED THIS LINE...
NO MATTER. I AM HAVING A... SERVANT OF MINE PLACE THIS CALL!


HEY, DON'T I KNOW THAT GUY?
AND WHAT'S HE DOING WITH TWO PHONES?!
AND WHY DOESN'T ANYONE ELSE NOTICE HE'S ONLY A FOOT AND A HALF HIGH?
EXIT
HE'S ONE OF THOSE UNDER-GROUND THINGS, FROM MY DREAM.
ONLY BLACK.
AND FASTER.
RATS. TOO NARROW.
BUT IT'S SLOWING HIM DOWN, TOO...
MAYBE ENOUGH FOR ME TO CUT AROUND...
AND NAB HIM!
NOW.
NOW SHOWING
EASY...
CRAP.
DIDN'T KNOW THEY COULD JUMP!
GOTCHA!
KWRANNG
NOW WHAT DO I DO WITH HIM?
DON'T JUMP AT ME, YOU LITTLE...!
GONE.
DAMN.
BUT IF HE CAN BITE THROUGH STEEL...
...WHY IS HE RUNNING FROM--
CRAP!

I'LL...
SPLOARRT
GREETINGS, BR'ER LAPP!N.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
AMAZ!NG...
SELF
1.19%
1.29%
1.39%
SELF
FULL
FORD

YOU REALLY DON'T REMEMBER ANY OF IT! NOT THE GIRL OR THE ISZ OR THE BLOODWORMS OR ME.
THEN IT WASN'T ALL A DREAM! UNLESS I WAS DREAMING NOW.
TOO BAD. I NORMALLY HATE KILLING AMNESIACS.
MEEP!
OH, GOD. NOW I REMEMBER ....!

IT WAS ALL COMING BACK TO ME. I COULD FEEL THE HOT SUN ON MY BACKSKIN AND THE GRASSES UNDER MY TOES.

THOSE LITTLE CREATURES WERE ISZ. BUT TWISTED AND CHANGED BY BEING MOVED TO THIS WORLD.

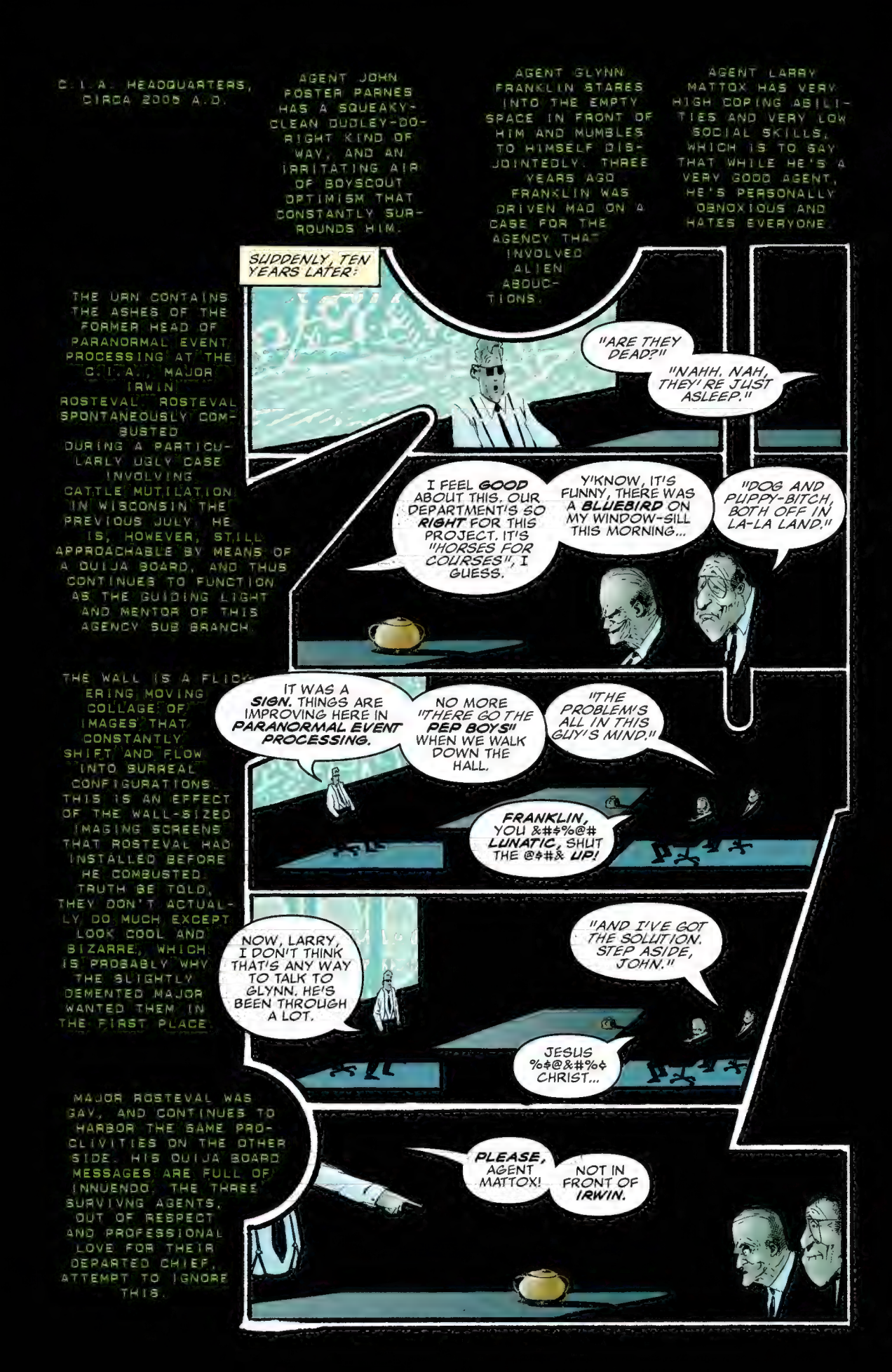
TRUE ENOUGH. TOO BAD YOU'LL BE EATEN BEFORE YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO MUTTER THIS TO ANYONE!

DAMN... STILL TALKING OUT LOUD!

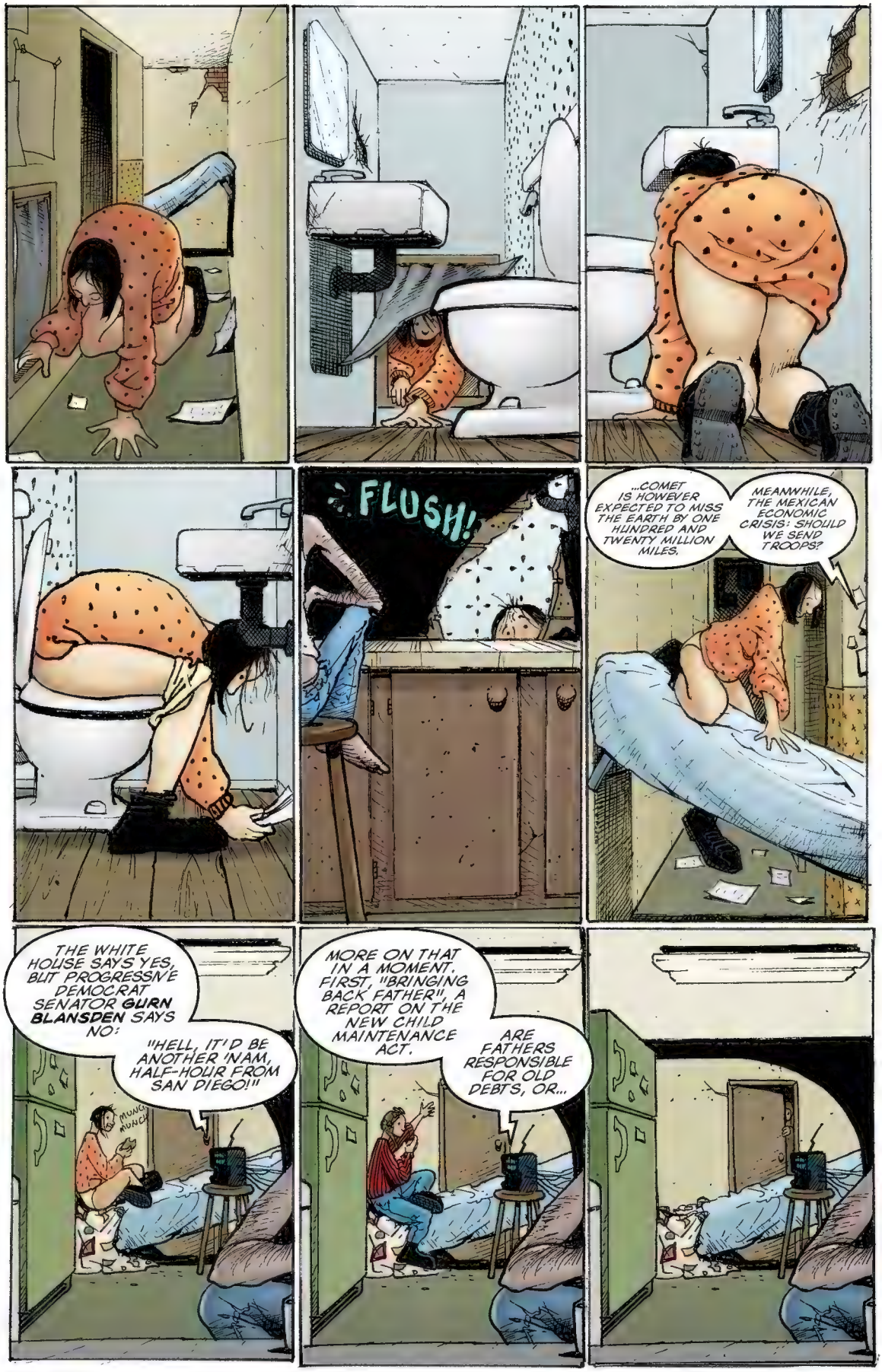
CONTINUED IN ISSUE #2 OF *THE MAXX*

STAINED TEETH, DEADLY TEETH!

ISSUE #21
THE MASK


C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS, CIRCA 2005 A.D.
AGENT JOHN FOSTER PARNES HAS A SQUEAKY-CLEAN DUDLEY-DO-RIGHT KIND OF WAY, AND AN IRRITATING AIR OF BOYSCOUT OPTIMISM THAT CONSTANTLY SURROUNDS HIM.
AGENT GLYNN FRANKLIN STARES INTO THE EMPTY SPACE IN FRONT OF HIM AND MUMBLES TO HIMSELF DISJOINTEDLY. THREE YEARS AGO FRANKLIN WAS DRIVEN MAD ON A CASE FOR THE AGENCY THAT INVOLVED ALIEN ABDUCTIONS.
AGENT LARRY MATTOX HAS VERY HIGH COPING ABILITIES AND VERY LOW SOCIAL SKILLS, WHICH IS TO SAY THAT WHILE HE'S A VERY GOOD AGENT, HE'S PERSONALLY OBNOXIOUS AND HATES EVERYONE.
SUDDENLY, TEN YEARS LATER:
"ARE THEY DEAD?"
"NAHH. NAH, THEY'RE JUST ASLEEP."
THE URN CONTAINS THE ASHES OF THE FORMER HEAD OF PARANORMAL EVENT PROCESSING AT THE C.I.A., MAJOR IRWIN ROSTEVAL. ROSTEVAL SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUSTED DURING A PARTICULARLY UGLY CASE INVOLVING CATTLE MUTILATION IN WISCONSIN THE PREVIOUS JULY. HE IS, HOWEVER, STILL APPROACHABLE BY MEANS OF A OUIJA BOARD, AND THUS CONTINUES TO FUNCTION AS THE GUIDING LIGHT AND MENTOR OF THIS AGENCY SUB BRANCH.
I FEEL GOOD ABOUT THIS. OUR DEPARTMENT'S SO RIGHT FOR THIS PROJECT. IT'S "HORSES FOR COURSES", I GUESS.
Y'KNOW, IT'S FUNNY, THERE WAS A BLUEBIRD ON MY WINDOW-SILL THIS MORNING...
"DOG AND PUPPY-BITCH, BOTH OFF IN LA-LA LAND."
THE WALL IS A FLICKERING MOVING COLLAGE OF IMAGES THAT CONSTANTLY SHIFT AND FLOW INTO SURREAL CONFIGURATIONS. THIS IS AN EFFECT OF THE WALL-SIZED IMAGING SCREENS THAT ROSTEVAL HAD INSTALLED BEFORE HE COMBUSTED. TRUTH BE TOLD, THEY DON'T ACTUALLY DO MUCH EXCEPT LOOK COOL AND BIZARRE, WHICH IS PROBABLY WHY THE SLIGHTLY DEMENTED MAJOR WANTED THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE.
IT WAS A SIGN. THINGS ARE IMPROVING HERE IN PARANORMAL EVENT PROCESSING.
NO MORE "THERE GO THE PEP BOYS" WHEN WE WALK DOWN THE HALL.
"THE PROBLEM'S ALL IN THIS GUY'S MIND."
FRANKLIN, YOU &#$%@# LUNATIC, SHUT THE @$#& UP!
NOW, LARRY, I DON'T THINK THAT'S ANY WAY TO TALK TO GLYNN. HE'S BEEN THROUGH A LOT.
"AND I'VE GOT THE SOLUTION. STEP ASIDE, JOHN."
JESUS %$@&#%$ CHRIST...
MAJOR ROSTEVAL WAS GAY, AND CONTINUES TO HARBOR THE SAME PROCLIVITIES ON THE OTHER SIDE. HIS OUIJA BOARD MESSAGES ARE FULL OF INNUENDO. THE THREE SURVIVNG AGENTS, OUT OF RESPECT AND PROFESSIONAL LOVE FOR THEIR DEPARTED CHIEF, ATTEMPT TO IGNORE THIS.
PLEASE, AGENT MATTOX!
NOT IN FRONT OF IRWIN.

STEVE
STEVE'S GLASS OF WATER
...LOWENCORP CEO SKIT BICKERS IS IN THE SPOTLIGHT AGAIN.
STEVE'S BEDROOM
BATHROOM
KITCHEN
SARA'S BEDROOM
SARA (FORMERLY SARAH)
BATHROOM FLAP
MURPHY BED
EIGHT YEARS AGO, BICKERS FOUND HIMSELF ON THE CONGRESSIONAL HOT SEAT FOR INTRODUCING THE TOBACCO ADDITIVE NICOTINE INTO THE PRODUCTS OF LOWENCORP SUBSIDIARY NABIXTO FOODS.
AFTER INVESTIGATION BY THE FDA FOR OVER SEVEN YEARS, BICKERS WAS FINALLY ACQUITTED OF ALL ILLEGAL ACTIVITY WHEN THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE FAILED TO REACH ANY CONCLUSIONS WHATSOEVER...
...AND THE ONCE-CONTROVERSIAL USE OF NICOTINE IS NOW COMMONPLACE.


FLUSH!
...COMET IS HOWEVER EXPECTED TO MISS THE EARTH BY ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILLION MILES.
MEANWHILE, THE MEXICAN ECONOMIC CRISIS: SHOULD WE SEND TROOPS?
THE WHITE HOUSE SAYS YES, BUT PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRAT SENATOR GURN BLANSDEN SAYS NO:
"HELL, IT'D BE ANOTHER 'NAM, HALF-HOUR FROM SAN DIEGO!"
MUNCH MUNCH
MORE ON THAT IN A MOMENT. FIRST, "BRINGING BACK FATHER", A REPORT ON THE NEW CHILD MAINTENANCE ACT.
ARE FATHERS RESPONSIBLE FOR OLD DEBTS, OR...

SARA!
HEY, SARA!
SARA, WE HAVE TO TALK...
NORBERT, I DON'T KNOW YOU, GO NAG SOMEBODY ELSE.
WELFAR
OFFICE
*WORK WILL SET YOU FR

LOOK, I JUST WANT MY CHECK, OKAY?
THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE. THE NEW CHILD MAINTENANCE ACT MAKES YOUR FATHER RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR UPKEEP, RATHER THAN THE STATE.
ARE YOU KIDDING? I'M TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD!
MAYBE SO, BUT THE LAW'S RETROACTIVE. FOR SEVERAL YEARS YOUR FATHER WAS RESPONSIBLE BUT LET THE STATE SUPPORT YOU. IT'S LIKE BACK TAXES.
WAIT A MINUTE--ME, GET MONEY OFF MY FATHER? ME AND MOM DIDN'T EVEN WANT CONTACT WITH MY FATHER...
THAT'S TOO BAD, HONEY, BECAUSE HE'S WHERE YOU GET YOUR HANDOUTS FROM NOW ON.
NEXT, PLEASE.
I DON'T #@&%$¢ BELIEVE THIS!
I NEED EIGHT DOLLARS FOR A QUART OF FOOD.

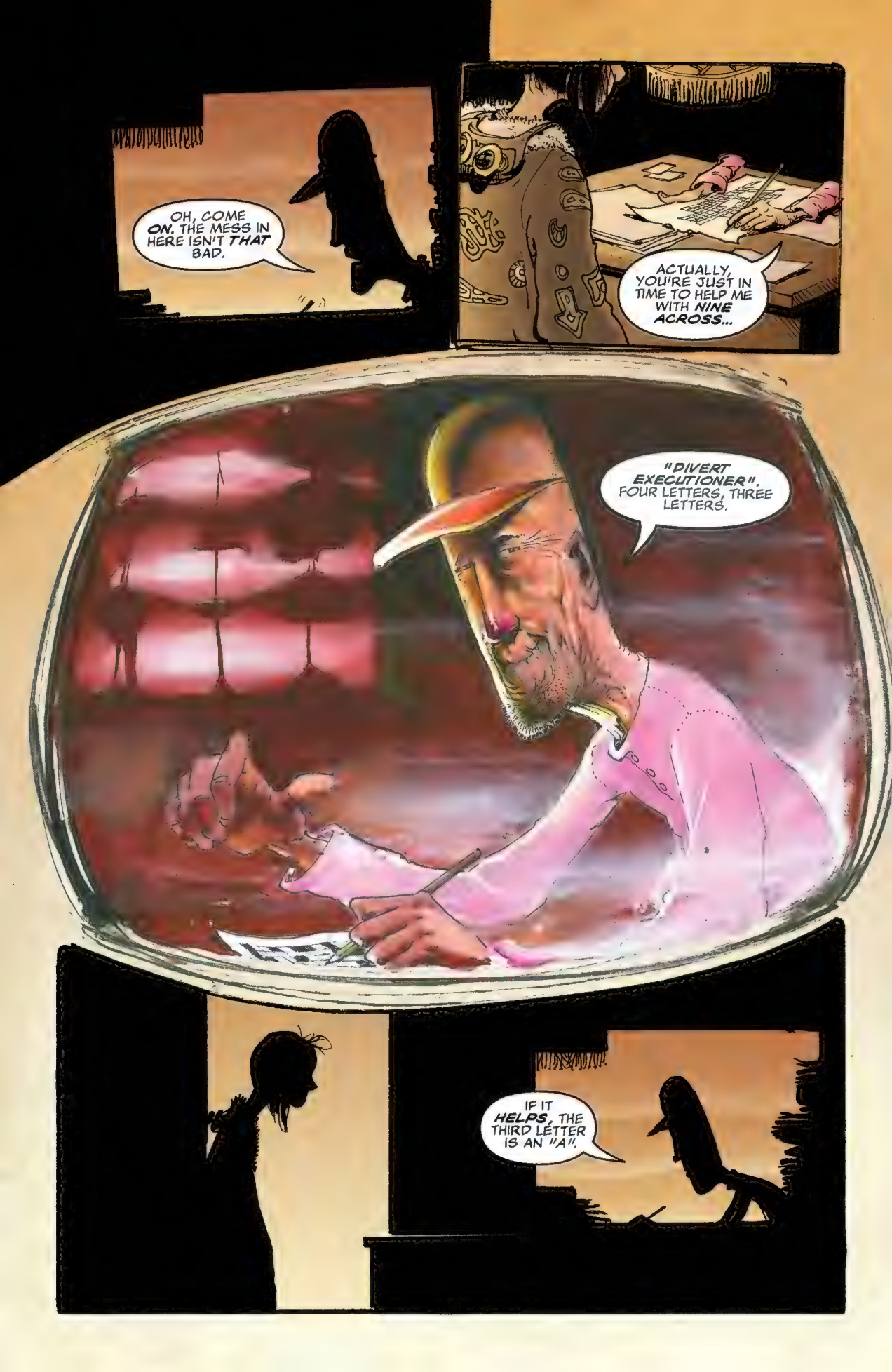
GOSH.
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY SURE IT WAS THE PENDER GIRL?
WHAT, YOU WANT ME TO TAKE A SMEAR TEST OR SOMETHIN'? OF COURSE I'M #$%@&$ SURE!
WE FIGURED THESE NEW CHILD MAINTENANCE LAWS MIGHT UNEARTH HIM, AND WE WERE RIGHT.
TOP-NOTCH TRACKING, LARRY! IF IRWIN WERE HERE, HE'D GIVE YOU SUCH A HUG.
YEAH. I KNOW.
ANYWAY, I FIGURE ON JUST FOLLOWIN' HER WHILE SHE DOES ALL THE TRACKIN', UNLESS ANYBODY'S GOT ANYTHIN' ELSE TO ADD.
THAT'S A VERY NICE DRAWING, LARRY. I CALL IT "WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?"
WHAT THE #&%$--
THANK YOU, GLYNN. THAT WAS A VERY SPECIAL MOMENT, BUT RIGHT NOW WE HAVE A MISSION, OLD BUDDY.
OH, RIGHT! LIKE HE REMEMBERS WHAT THAT IS! LOOK, LET'S JUST GO GET IN THE $%$&#%@ CAR, OKAY?
LAST ONE OUT, SWITCH OFF THE WALLS.

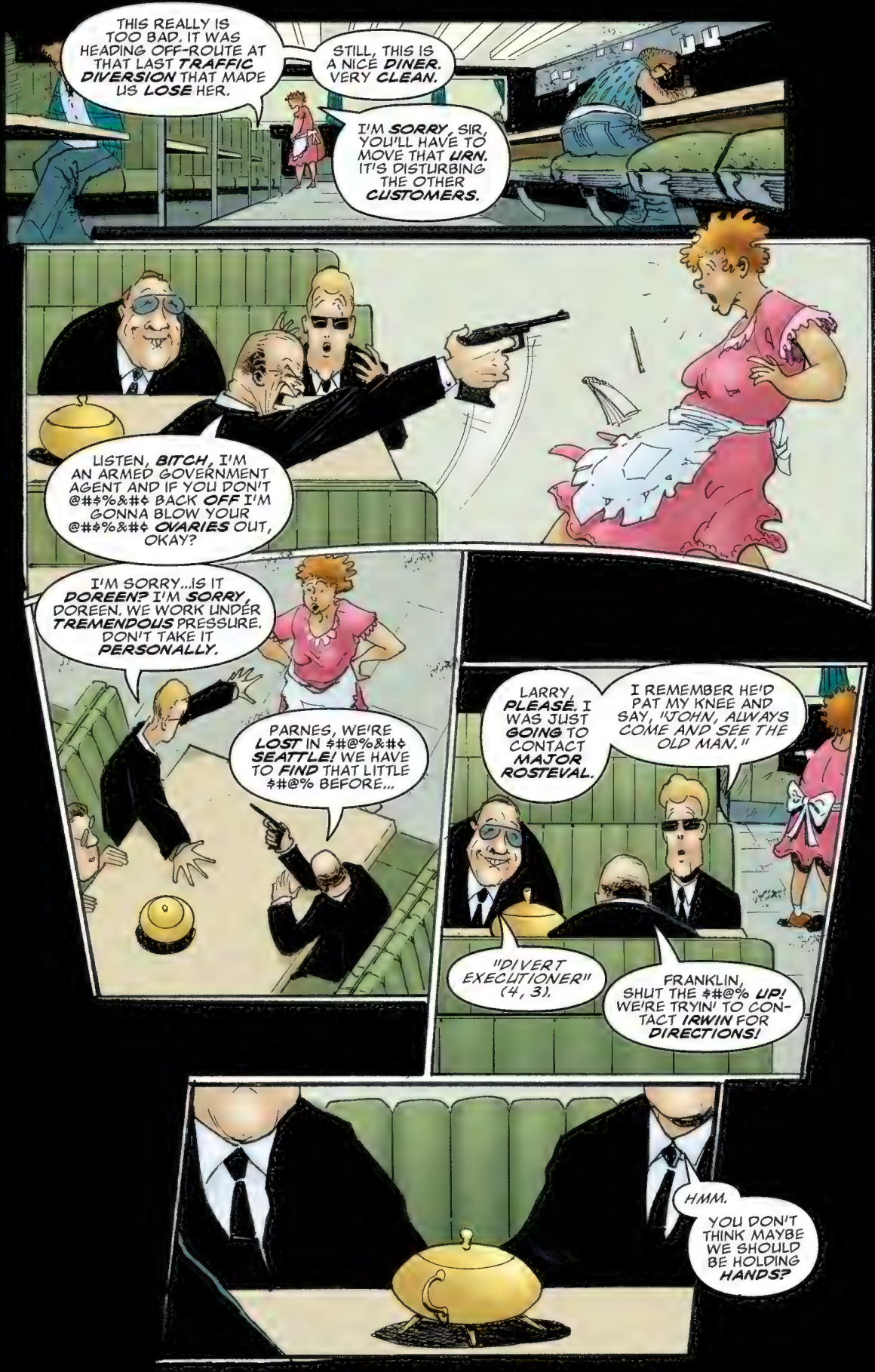
MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
SO, ARE YOU DATING?
MOM, GET REAL. THE ONLY GUY WHO PAYS ME ANY ATTENTION IS THIS WINO I CALL NORBERT THE NAG.
IS HE HANDSOME?
MOM, HE'S A WINO. I DON'T MAKE EYE CONTACT. LISTEN, I HAVE TO FIND DAD...
YEAH, YOU SAID. THIS WELFARE THING.
WELL, THE LAST ADDRESS I HEARD WAS THE LOOSE END TRAILER PARK IN SEATTLE.
IF YOU FIND HIM, ASK HIM IF HE STILL HAS MY COCKNEY REBEL TAPE.

SARA, WAIT! WE REALLY GOTTA TALK!
SARA, HEY...
HAY IS FOR HORSES, NORBERT. DROP DEAD.
...MY BOY DUANE, HE'S IN THE ARMY. ONE O'THEM HOMOSEXUAL REGIMENTS, AIN'T THAT CUTE?
BLOCH BRO'S
WEST VIRGINIA
238
HE SAYS WE OUGHTA BE READY T'GIVE THEM TACO-TOSSERS HELL!
I GOT A PICTURE HERE...

SEATTL
BUS DEPOT
LOOSE END
TRAILER PAR

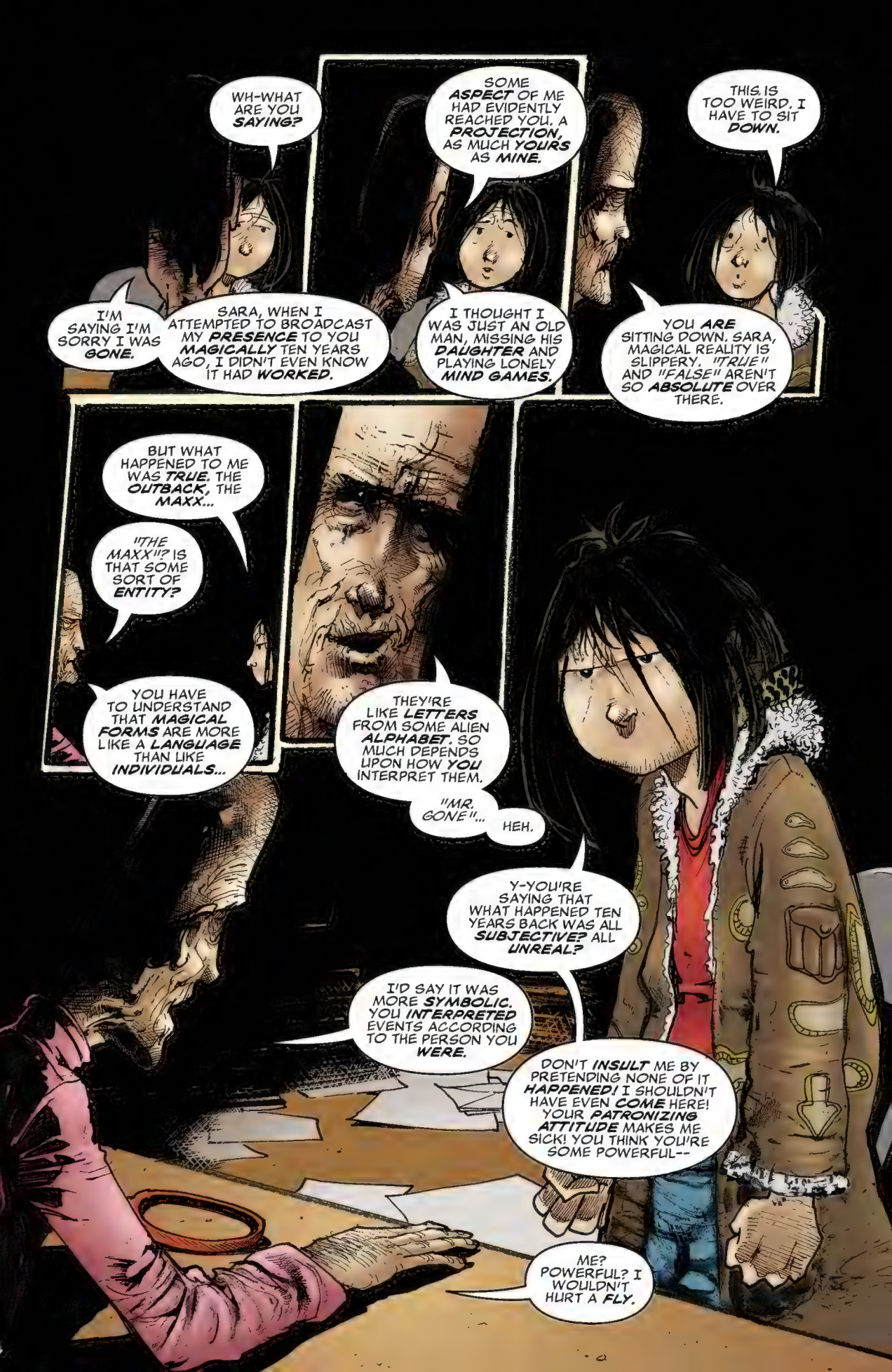
WHAT IS ALL THIS CRAP...?


OH, COME ON. THE MESS IN HERE ISN'T THAT BAD.
ACTUALLY, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO HELP ME WITH NINE ACROSS...
"DIVERT EXECUTIONER". FOUR LETTERS, THREE LETTERS.
IF IT HELPS, THE THIRD LETTER IS AN "A".

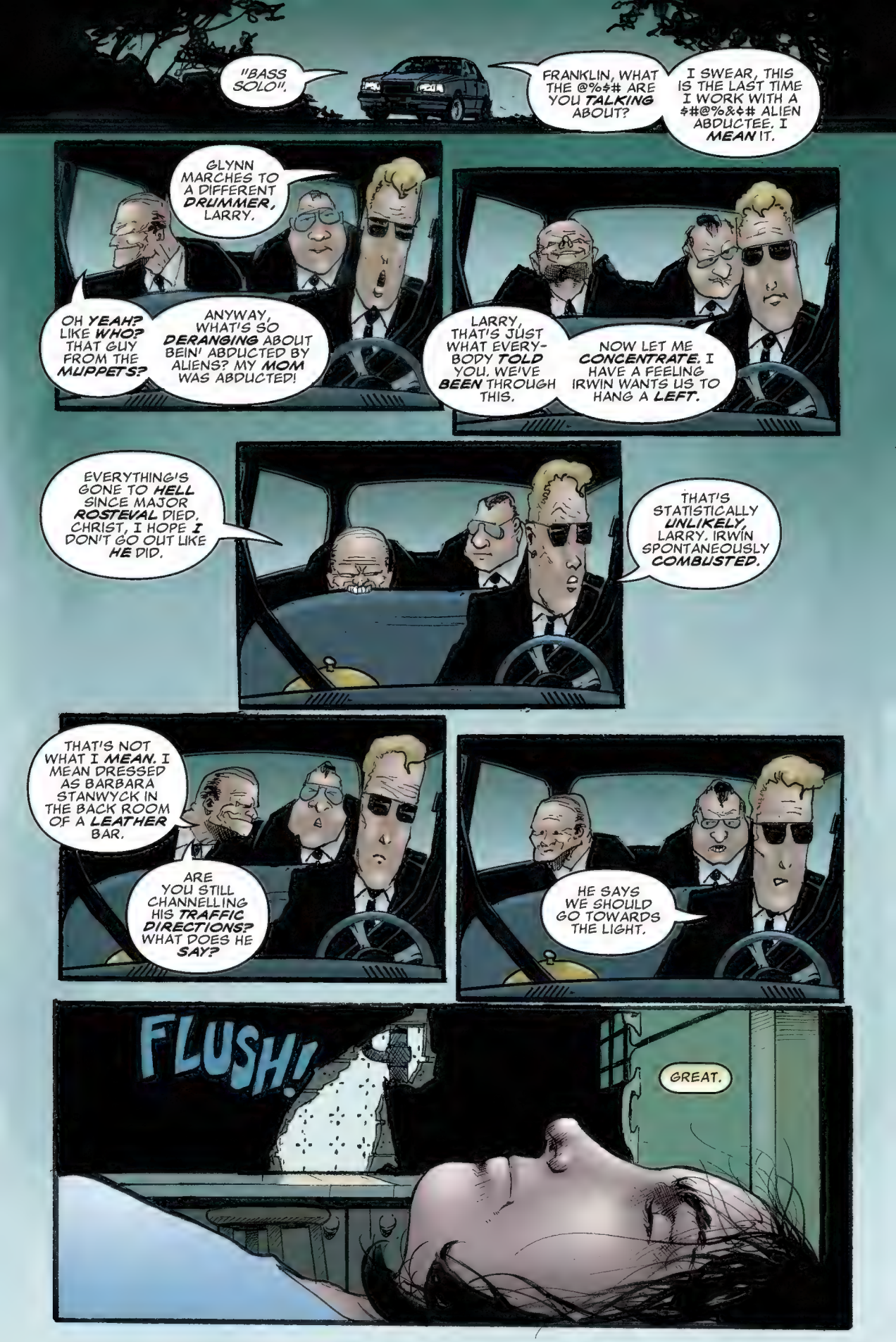

THIS REALLY IS TOO BAD. IT WAS HEADING OFF-ROUTE AT THAT LAST TRAFFIC DIVERSION THAT MADE US LOSE HER.
STILL, THIS IS A NICE DINER. VERY CLEAN.
I'M SORRY, SIR, YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE THAT URN. IT'S DISTURBING THE OTHER CUSTOMERS.
LISTEN, BITCH, I'M AN ARMED GOVERNMENT AGENT AND IF YOU DON'T @#$%&#¢ BACK OFF I'M GONNA BLOW YOUR @#$%&#¢ OVARIES OUT, OKAY?
I'M SORRY...IS IT DOREEN? I'M SORRY, DOREEN. WE WORK UNDER TREMENDOUS PRESSURE. DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY.
PARNES, WE'RE LOST IN $#@%&#¢ SEATTLE! WE HAVE TO FIND THAT LITTLE $#@% BEFORE...
LARRY, PLEASE. I WAS JUST GOING TO CONTACT MAJOR ROSTEVAL.
I REMEMBER HE'D PAT MY KNEE AND SAY, "JOHN, ALWAYS COME AND SEE THE OLD MAN."
"DIVERT EXECUTIONER" (4, 3).
FRANKLIN, SHUT THE $#@% UP! WE'RE TRYIN' TO CONTACT IRWIN FOR DIRECTIONS!
HMM.
YOU DON'T THINK MAYBE WE SHOULD BE HOLDING HANDS?

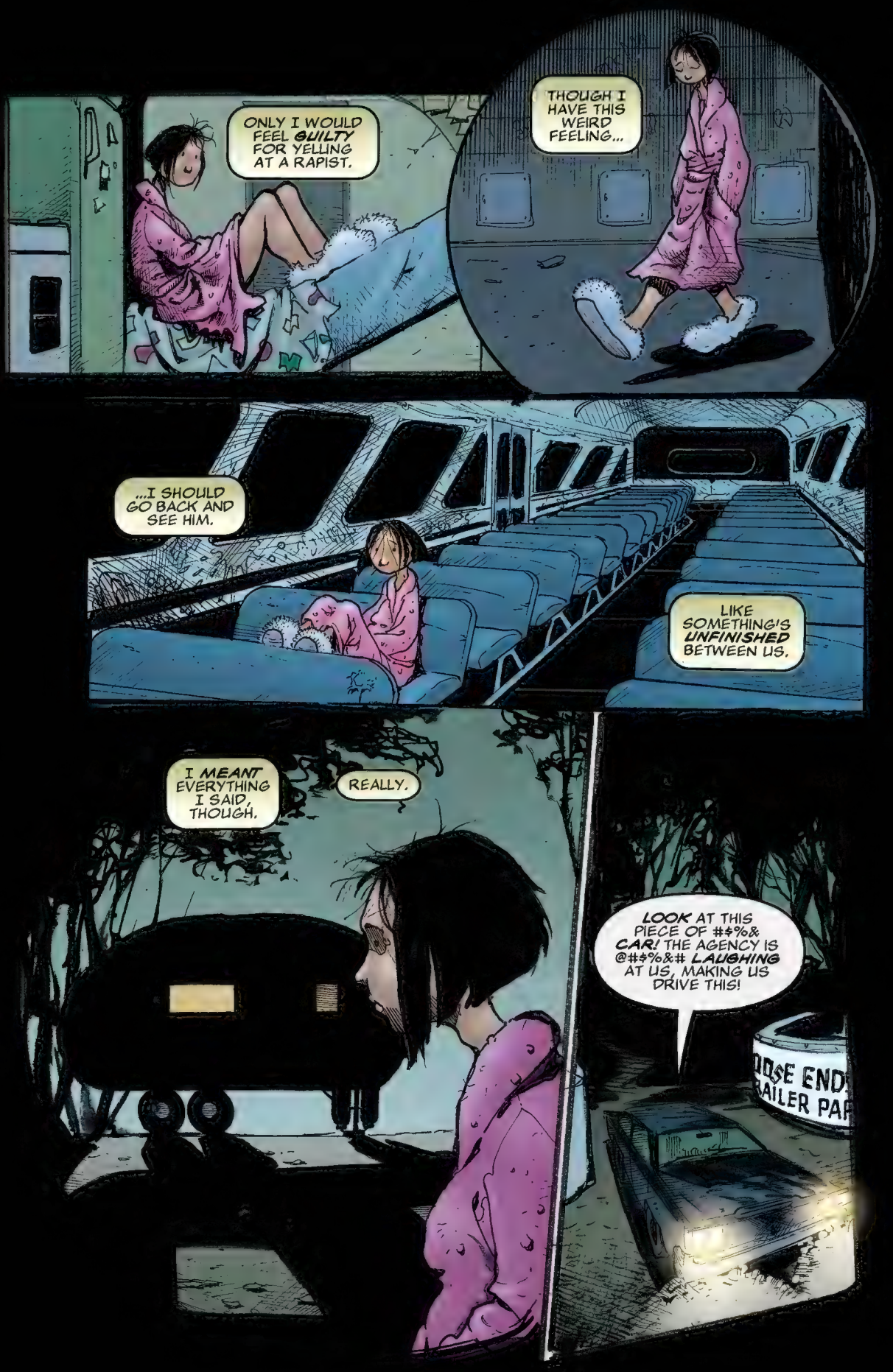
SO, THEY WANT ME TO PAY YOUR WELFARE.
FRANKLY, HONEY, I'M NOT SURE I CAN...
DON'T "HONEY" ME. I FEEL TAINTED JUST BEING HERE, AFTER WHAT YOU DID...
WHAT I DID?
YEAH, YOU! TEN YEARS BACK, REMEMBER? MR. GONE, THE MAGIC RAPIST SERIAL KILLER: HE GETS DECAPITATED BUT HE KEEPS COMING BACK!
YOU SON OF A BITCH. YOU...
HELL-OH-EE? I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES IN HERE!
THIS MUST BE THAT DAUGHTER YOU'RE ALWAYS MOONING OVER.
UH, YEAH, SARA, THIS IS GAYNOR.
HI, SWEETHEART. DON'T LISTEN TO A THING HE TELLS YA ABOUT ME. ARTIE, I'M GOING TO THE STORE. YOU NEED ANYTHING?
UH, YEAH. YEAH, GET ME A PACK OF TWINKIES...ARE THOSE LOW TAR? AW, BETTER MAKE IT HO-HO'S.
SURE THING. SEE YA LATER.
MY DOCTOR SAYS HO-HO'S.

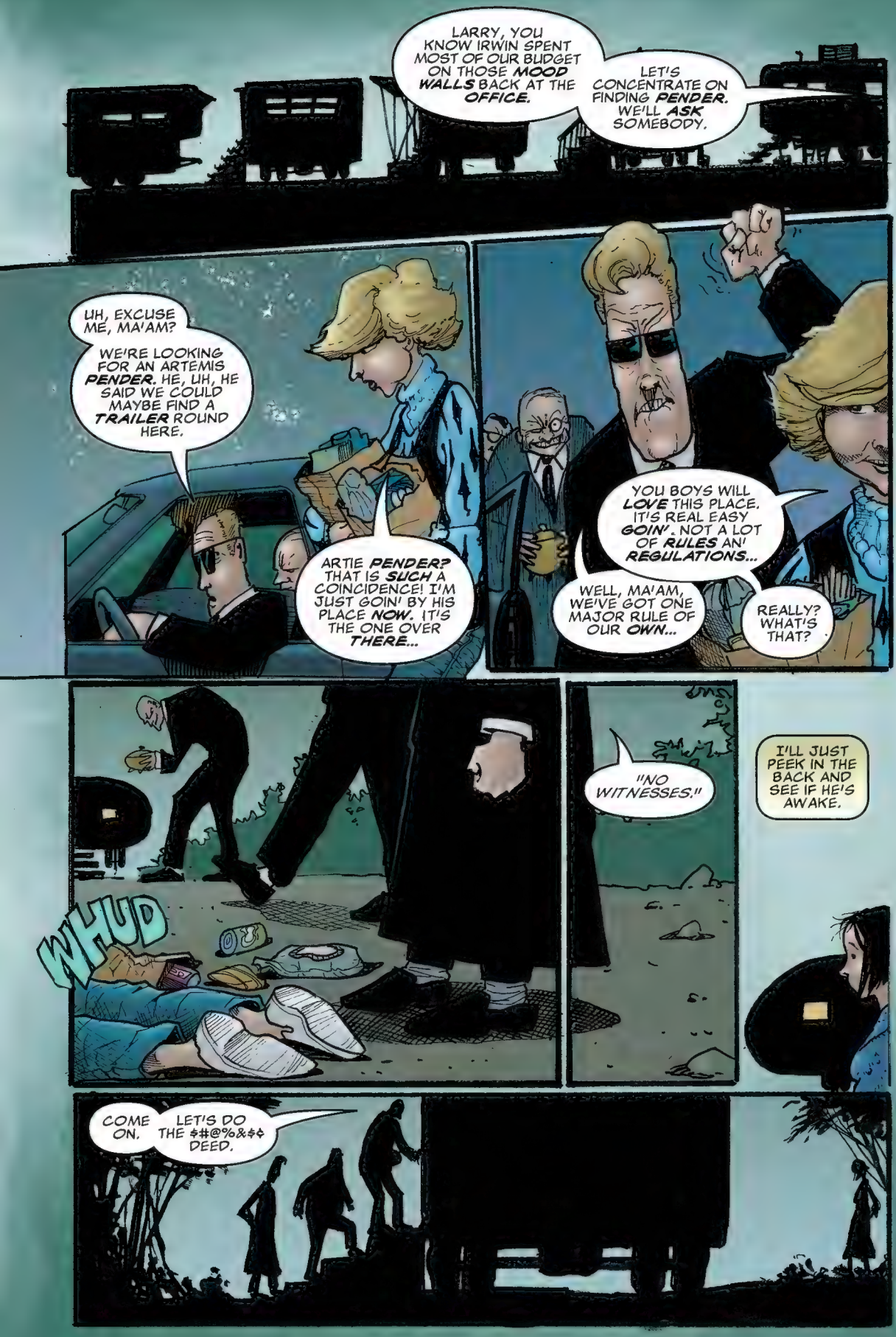
WHO WAS *THAT?*
GAYNOR? WELL, I GUESS SHE'S MY *GIRLFRIEND*. YOU SHOULD SEE THE PICTURES OF HER TWENTY YEARS AGO.
Y'KNOW, SHE WAS MARRIED TO THE MOB BOSS, "EGGSHELLS" GARETTY?
I DON'T WANT TO *LISTEN* TO YOUR BULL$#!%, LIKE FOR INSTANCE, WHAT'S THAT *"A. PENDER"* GARBAGE ON THE *DOOR?*
HUH? IT'S MY *NAME.* ARTIE *PENDER.*
SARA, WE'VE GOTTA *TALK* ABOUT THIS *RAPIST SERIAL KILLER* THING...
WHAT'S TO *TALK* ABOUT? YOU *TERRORIZED* US, AND YOU *KNOW* IT!
YOU RAMPAGED THROUGH EVERYBODY'S *OUTBACK,* A GLOATING *MONSTER* WITH A DETACHABLE *HEAD!*
TH-THAT'S *REALLY* HOW YOU *PERCEIVED* ME? JESUS...
LISTEN, YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, HOW I APPEAR IN *YOUR* MAGICAL REALITY HAS AS MUCH TO DO YOUR *PERCEPTIONS* AS IT DOES WITH *ME.*
AND THAT *NAME* YOU GAVE ME...
"MR. GONE"!?
THAT WASN'T A NAME I *GAVE* YOU. THAT'S WHO YOU *WERE!*
NO. THAT'S WHAT I WAS TO *YOU.*
"MR. GONE". OF COURSE.
BABY, I'M SO VERY SORRY.

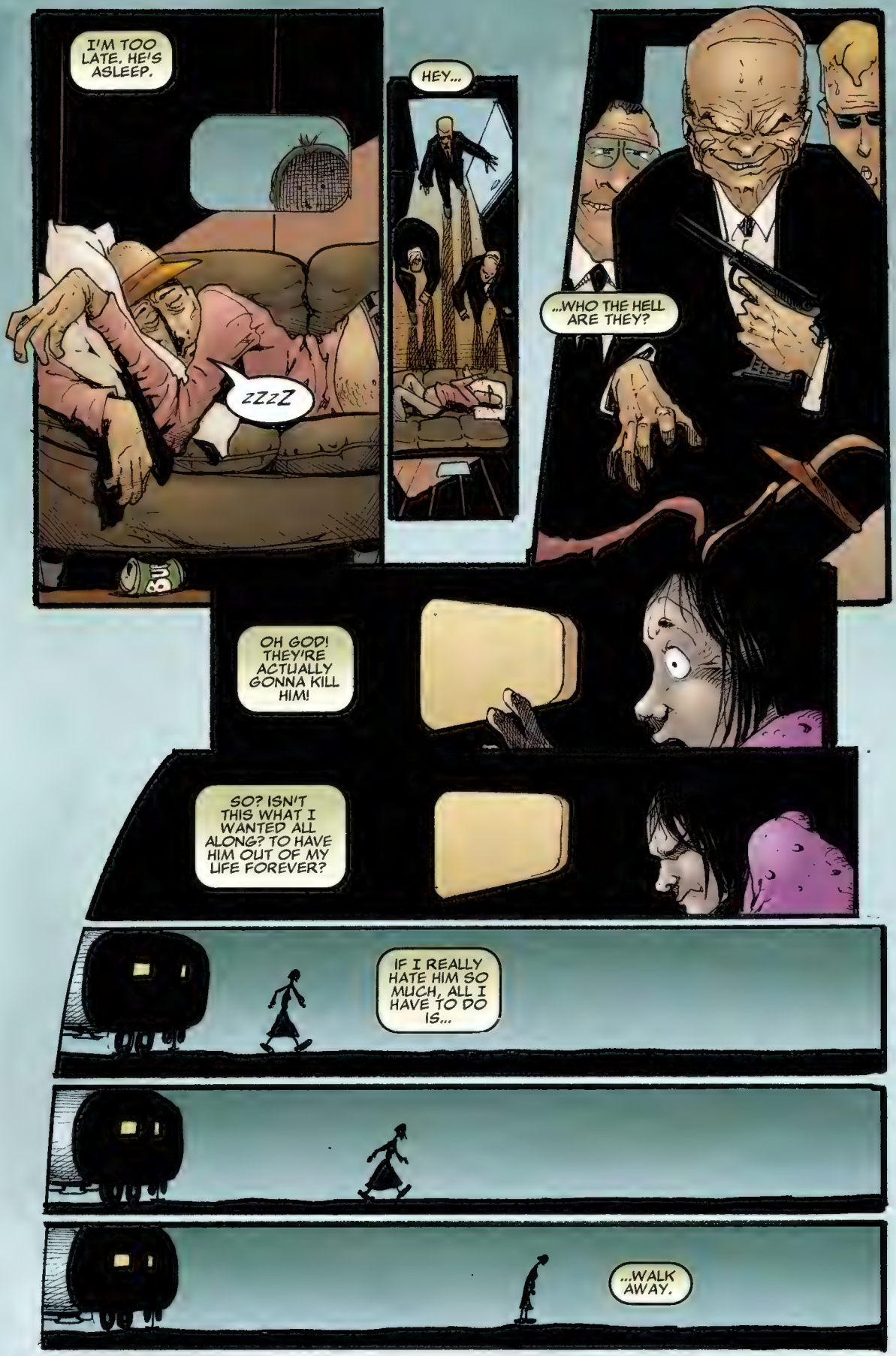

WH-WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I'M SAYING I'M SORRY I WAS GONE.
SARA, WHEN I ATTEMPTED TO BROADCAST MY PRESENCE TO YOU MAGICALLY TEN YEARS AGO, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT HAD WORKED.
SOME ASPECT OF ME HAD EVIDENTLY REACHED YOU. A PROJECTION, AS MUCH YOURS AS MINE.
I THOUGHT I WAS JUST AN OLD MAN, MISSING HIS DAUGHTER AND PLAYING LONELY MIND GAMES.
THIS IS TOO WEIRD. I HAVE TO SIT DOWN.
YOU ARE SITTING DOWN. SARA, MAGICAL REALITY IS SLIPPERY. "TRUE" AND "FALSE" AREN'T SO ABSOLUTE OVER THERE.
BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ME WAS TRUE. THE OUTBACK, THE MAXX...
"THE MAXX"? IS THAT SOME SORT OF ENTITY?
YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THAT MAGICAL FORMS ARE MORE LIKE A LANGUAGE THAN LIKE INDIVIDUALS...
THEY'RE LIKE LETTERS FROM SOME ALIEN ALPHABET. SO MUCH DEPENDS UPON HOW YOU INTERPRET THEM.
"MR. GONE"... HEH.
Y-YOU'RE SAYING THAT WHAT HAPPENED TEN YEARS BACK WAS ALL SUBJECTIVE? ALL UNREAL?
I'D SAY IT WAS MORE SYMBOLIC. YOU INTERPRETED EVENTS ACCORDING TO THE PERSON YOU WERE.
DON'T INSULT ME BY PRETENDING NONE OF IT HAPPENED! I SHOULDN'T HAVE EVEN COME HERE! YOUR PATRONIZING ATTITUDE MAKES ME SICK! YOU THINK YOU'RE SOME POWERFUL--
ME? POWERFUL? I WOULDN'T HURT A FLY.

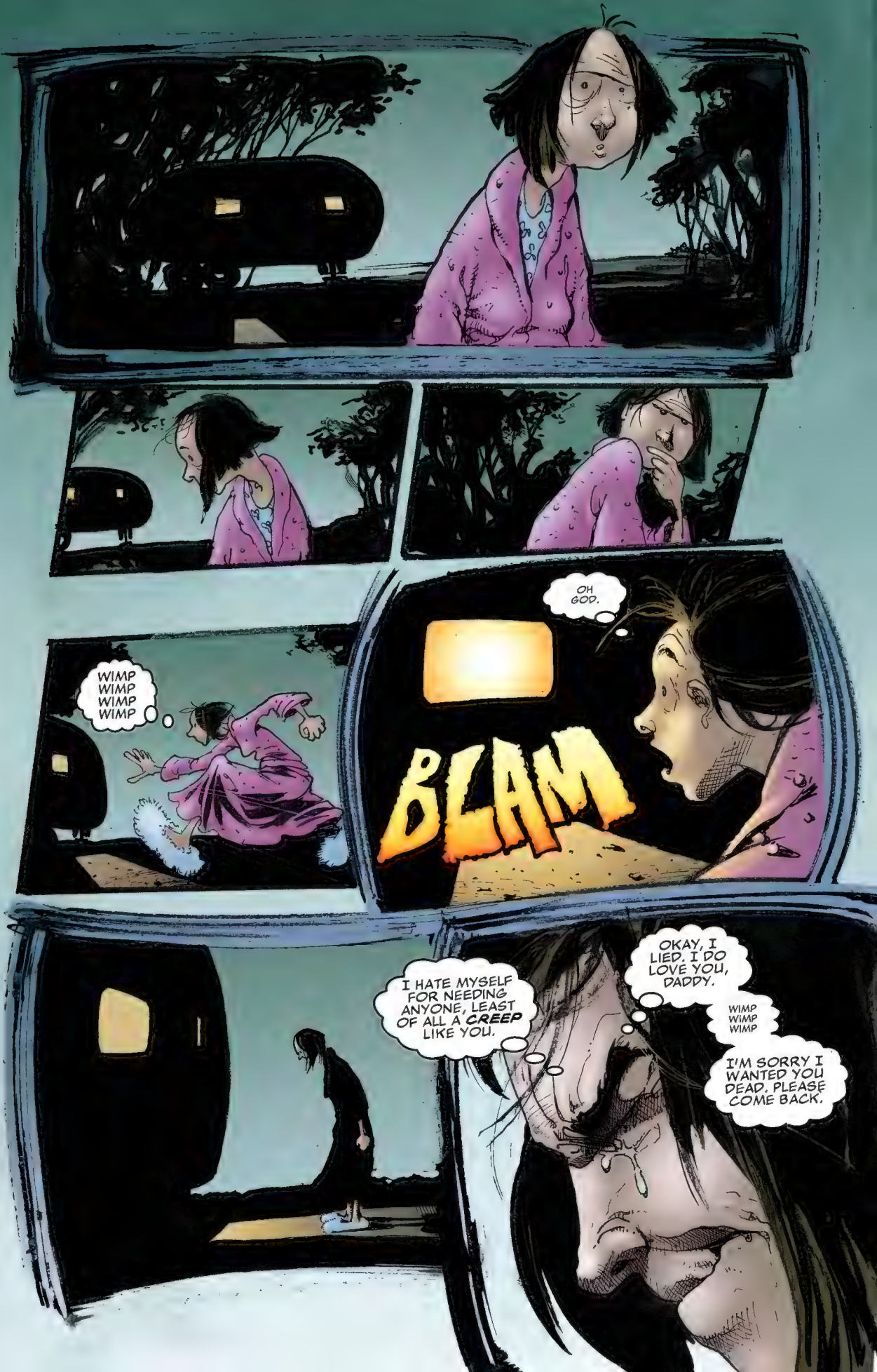
YEAH, RIGHT. NONE OF THE PAIN YOU CAUSED ME OR MOM ALL THOSE YEARS AGO SEEMS TO HAVE EVEN REGISTERED IN YOU.
I HATE YOU! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! I HOPE YOU DIE A SLOW, LONG, PATHETIC DEATH!
I'D KILL YOU MYSELF IF I WASN'T SUCH A WIMP!
I DON'T WANT ANYTHING FROM YOU...
...LEAST OF ALL, YOUR MONEY.

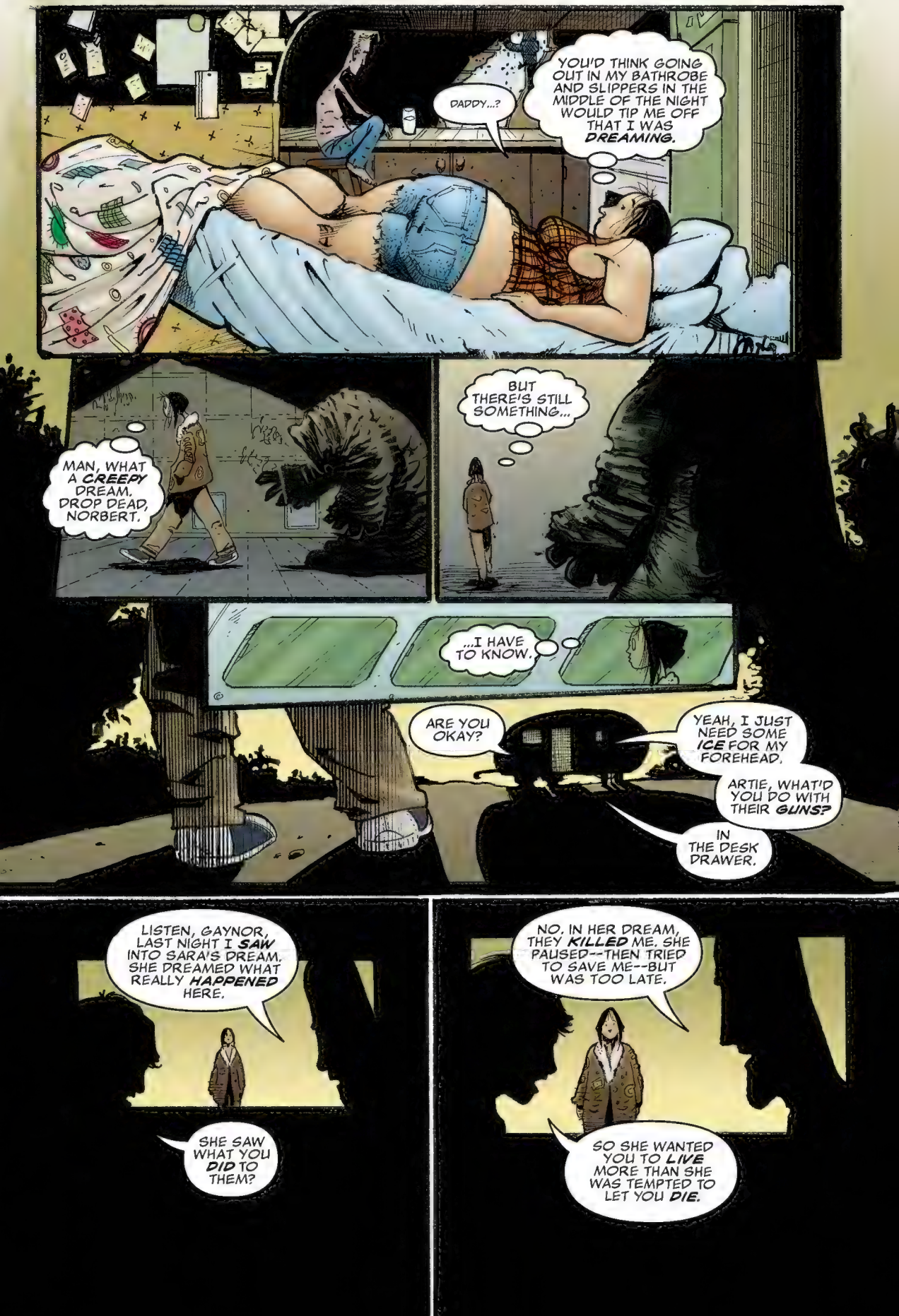

"BASS SOLO".
FRANKLIN, WHAT THE @%$# ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?
I SWEAR, THIS IS THE LAST TIME I WORK WITH A $#@%&¢# ALIEN ABDUCTEE. I *MEAN* IT.
GLYNN MARCHES TO A DIFFERENT *DRUMMER*, LARRY.
OH *YEAH?* LIKE *WHO?* THAT GUY FROM THE *MUPPETS?*
ANYWAY, WHAT'S SO *DERANGING* ABOUT BEIN' ABDUCTED BY ALIENS? MY *MOM* WAS ABDUCTED!
LARRY, THAT'S JUST WHAT EVERY-BODY *TOLD* YOU. WE'VE *BEEN* THROUGH THIS.
NOW LET ME *CONCENTRATE*. I HAVE A FEELING IRWIN WANTS US TO HANG A *LEFT*.
EVERYTHING'S GONE TO *HELL* SINCE MAJOR *ROSTEVAL* DIED. CHRIST, I HOPE *I* DON'T GO OUT LIKE *HE* DID.
THAT'S STATISTICALLY *UNLIKELY*, LARRY. IRWIN SPONTANEOUSLY *COMBUSTED*.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I *MEAN*. I MEAN DRESSED AS BARBARA STANWYCK IN THE BACK ROOM OF A *LEATHER* BAR.
ARE YOU STILL CHANNELLING HIS *TRAFFIC DIRECTIONS?* WHAT DOES HE *SAY?*
HE SAYS WE SHOULD GO TOWARDS THE LIGHT.
FLUSH!
GREAT.

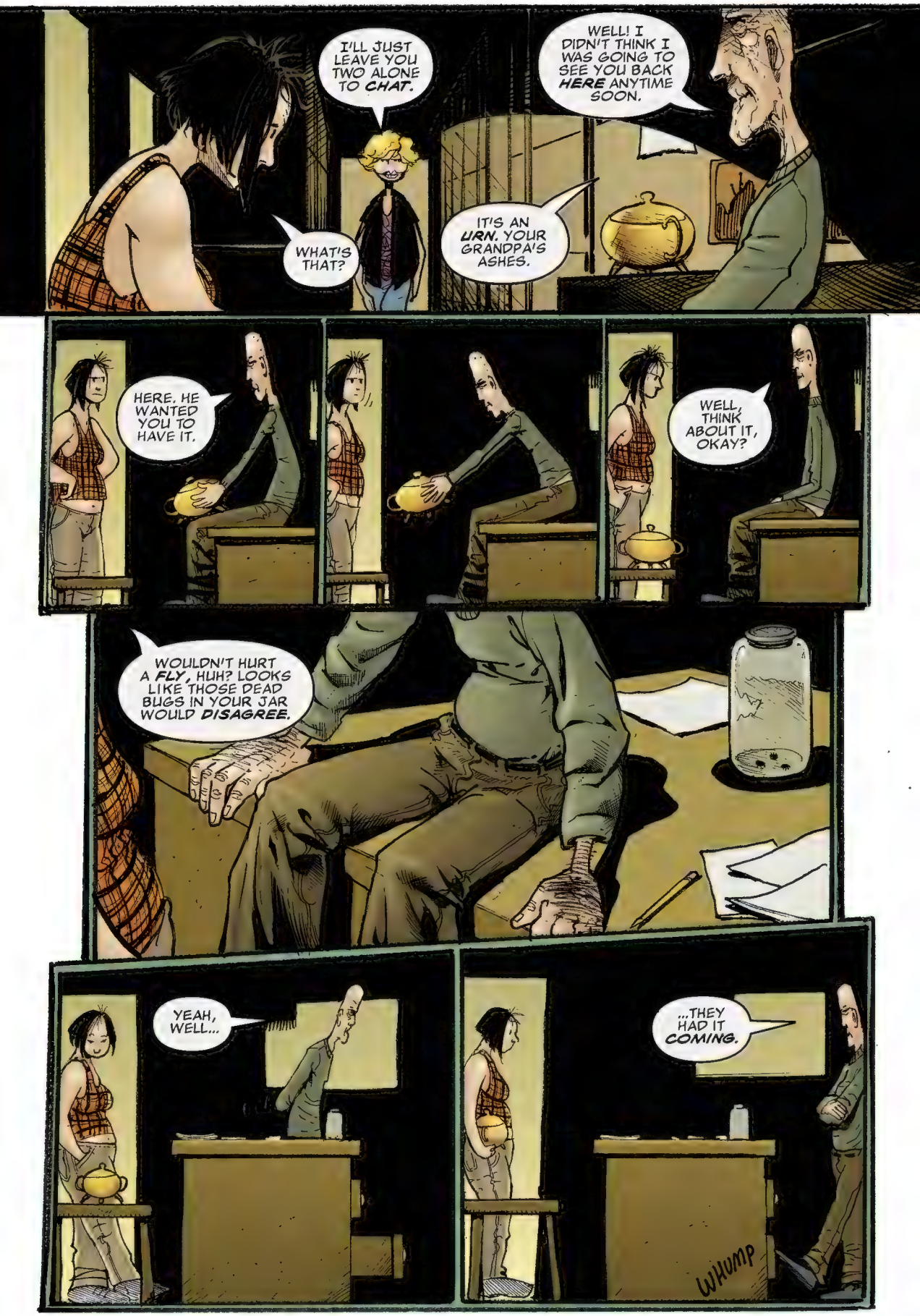

ONLY I WOULD FEEL GUILTY FOR YELLING AT A RAPIST.
THOUGH I HAVE THIS WEIRD FEELING...
...I SHOULD GO BACK AND SEE HIM.
LIKE SOMETHING'S UNFINISHED BETWEEN US.
I MEANT EVERYTHING I SAID, THOUGH.
REALLY.
LOOK AT THIS PIECE OF #$%& CAR! THE AGENCY IS @#$%&# LAUGHING AT US, MAKING US DRIVE THIS!


LARRY, YOU KNOW IRWIN SPENT MOST OF OUR BUDGET ON THOSE MOOD WALLS BACK AT THE OFFICE.
LET'S CONCENTRATE ON FINDING PENDER. WE'LL ASK SOMEBODY.
UH, EXCUSE ME, MA'AM? WE'RE LOOKING FOR AN ARTEMIS PENDER. HE, UH, HE SAID WE COULD MAYBE FIND A TRAILER ROUND HERE.
ARTIE PENDER? THAT IS SUCH A COINCIDENCE! I'M JUST GOIN' BY HIS PLACE NOW. IT'S THE ONE OVER THERE...
YOU BOYS WILL LOVE THIS PLACE. IT'S REAL EASY GOIN'. NOT A LOT OF RULES AN' REGULATIONS...
WELL, MA'AM, WE'VE GOT ONE MAJOR RULE OF OUR OWN...
REALLY? WHAT'S THAT?
WHUD
"NO WITNESSES."
I'LL JUST PEEK IN THE BACK AND SEE IF HE'S AWAKE.
COME ON.
LET'S DO THE $#@%&$¢ DEED.


I'M TOO LATE. HE'S ASLEEP.
ZZZZ
HEY...
...WHO THE HELL ARE THEY?
OH GOD! THEY'RE ACTUALLY GONNA KILL HIM!
SO? ISN'T THIS WHAT I WANTED ALL ALONG? TO HAVE HIM OUT OF MY LIFE FOREVER?
IF I REALLY HATE HIM SO MUCH, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS...
...WALK AWAY.


OH GOD.
WIMP WIMP WIMP WIMP
BLAM
I HATE MYSELF FOR NEEDING ANYONE, LEAST OF ALL A CREEP LIKE YOU.
OKAY, I LIED. I DO LOVE YOU, DADDY.
WIMP WIMP WIMP
I'M SORRY I WANTED YOU DEAD. PLEASE COME BACK.


DADDY...?
YOU'D THINK GOING OUT IN MY BATHROBE AND SLIPPERS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WOULD TIP ME OFF THAT I WAS DREAMING.
MAN, WHAT A CREEPY DREAM. DROP DEAD, NORBERT.
BUT THERE'S STILL SOMETHING...
...I HAVE TO KNOW.
ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH, I JUST NEED SOME ICE FOR MY FOREHEAD.
ARTIE, WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THEIR GUNS?
IN THE DESK DRAWER.
LISTEN, GAYNOR, LAST NIGHT I SAW INTO SARA'S DREAM. SHE DREAMED WHAT REALLY HAPPENED HERE.
SHE SAW WHAT YOU DID TO THEM?
NO. IN HER DREAM, THEY KILLED ME. SHE PAUSED--THEN TRIED TO SAVE ME--BUT WAS TOO LATE.
SO SHE WANTED YOU TO LIVE MORE THAN SHE WAS TEMPTED TO LET YOU DIE.


I'LL JUST LEAVE YOU TWO ALONE TO CHAT.
WELL! I DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOING TO SEE YOU BACK HERE ANYTIME SOON.
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S AN URN. YOUR GRANDPA'S ASHES.
HERE. HE WANTED YOU TO HAVE IT.
WELL, THINK ABOUT IT, OKAY?
WOULDN'T HURT A FLY, HUH? LOOKS LIKE THOSE DEAD BUGS IN YOUR JAR WOULD DISAGREE.
YEAH, WELL...
...THEY HAD IT COMING.
WHUMP

SO, SARA, WHY ARE YOU HERE?
I DUNNO. I HAD THIS DREAM THAT I CAME TO SEE YOU LAST NIGHT, AND THESE THINGS BROKE IN, AND I SAW THEM KILL YOU.
AND YOU CAME TO SEE IF I WAS OKAY?
DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF. I GUESS I JUST CAME TO SAY GOODBYE.
SARA, IN THE DREAM...WHEN YOU SAW THEM ABOUT TO KILL ME, DID YOU TRY AND STOP THEM?
NO.

SHE LET ME DIE. SHE REALLY DOESN'T CARE.
I THINK SHE DOES.
NO. SHE DOESN'T.
NO MATTER HOW PISSED SHE IS RIGHT NOW...YOU SAW SHE CAME BACK TO SAVE YOU IN HER DREAM.
SHE STILL CARES.
GAYNOR, SHE LIED.
HONEY, THE ONLY ONE SHE WAS LYING TO...
...WAS HERSELF.

ISSUE
#23
THE
MAX

HAVING TO BELIEVE
SARA, ARE YOU AWAKE?
I AM NOW...
I'M HERE TO SHOW YOU PANGEA.
AT 3 A.M.?
YES.
CAN'T THIS WAIT UNTIL MORNING?
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO STOP IAGO THE SLUG FROM KILLING AGAIN.
LOOK, NORBERT... I DUNNO...
SARA, IF I TOLD YOU THAT STEVE WAS HURT AND NEEDED YOUR HELP, AND I COULD TAKE YOU TO HIM, WOULD YOU COME WITH ME THEN?
OF COURSE NOT. YOU'RE VERY DISCRIMINATING.
=SIGH=
I DON'T GET OUT OF BED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT FOR JUST ANYBODY...
OKAY, I CHECKED... HE'S NOT IN BED, BUT YOU BETTER NOT BE SCREWING WITH ME, NORBERT...

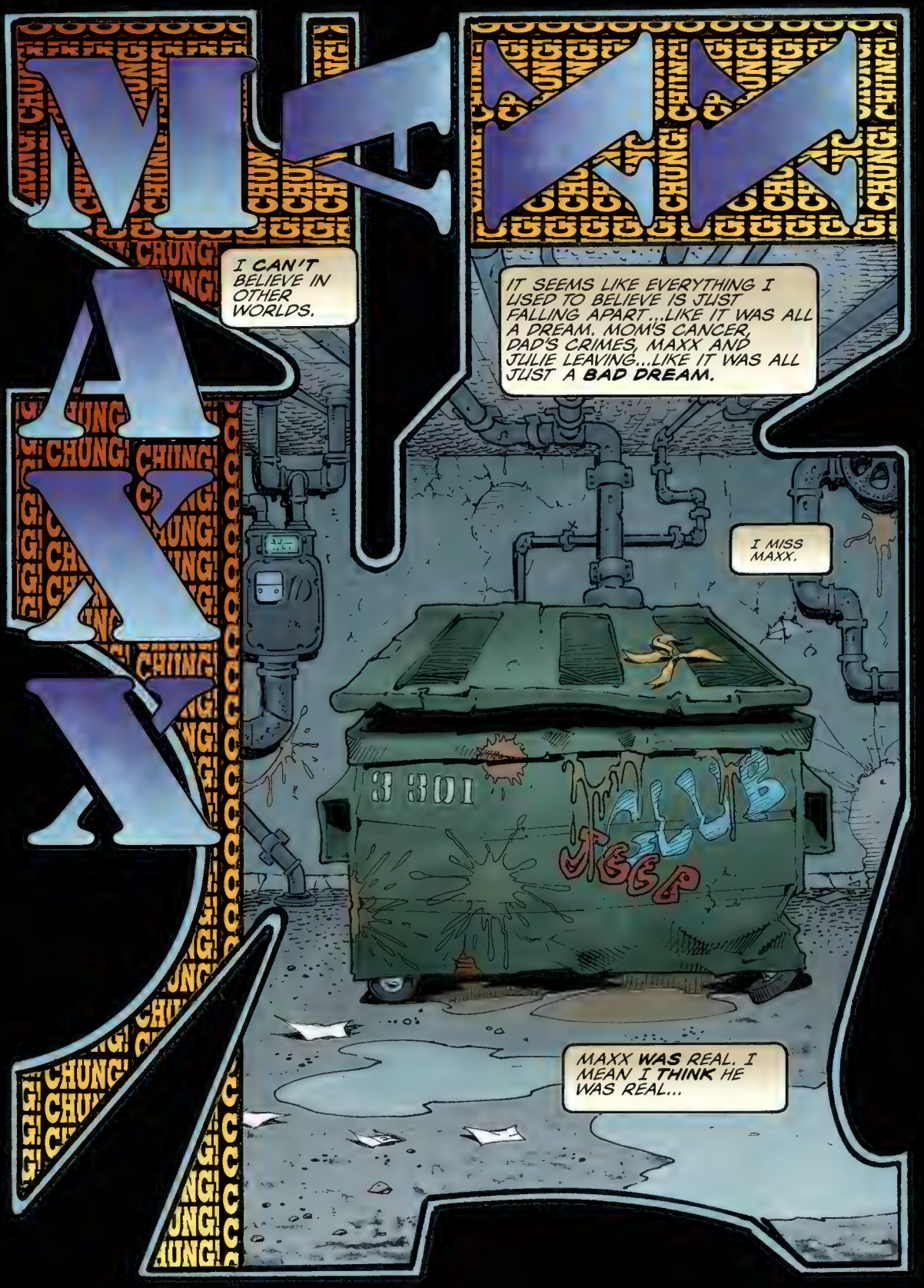
WE'RE HOME.
SARA, YOU'RE ABOUT TO ENTER A MAGICAL PLACE.
IN PANGEA THIS AREA ISN'T A JUNKYARD, BUT A POWER SPOT. CAN YOU FEEL IT?
A JUNKYARD...?
I FEEL COLD...AND LIKE I'M ABOUT TO BURST.
YES. I ALSO FEEL COLD AND EMPTY IN THIS PLACE...
NO, I'M FREEZING AND I HAVE TO PEE.
OH.
I CHOSE THIS SPOT TO REBUILD THE WORLD I CAME FROM, PANGEA.
AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND STEVE?
WHEN YOU LOOK UPON THEIR FACES, YOU WILL REMEMBER THEM, AND WILL RETURN TO PANGEA.
COME, SARA. WE MUST TRAVEL AS CHILDREN UPON OUR HANDS AND KNEES THROUGH THE CASTLE OF QUILTS.
THERE YOU WILL SEE THE FIRST FOUR, WHO WERE SENT BEFORE ME TO STOP IAGO. BUT ALL FAILED.
THUNDERPIG! LOOK OUT! SARA, DUCK!
WHAT?! I DON'T SEE--
WHUMP
WE'LL BE SAFE DOWN HERE. THUNDERPIGS ARE FOOLISH AND AFRAID. THEY WILL NOT JUMP DOWN A HOLE IF THEY DO NOT KNOW WHERE IT LEADS.
UNLIKE US.

SARA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I THINK SO... BUT I CAN'T SEE A THING! HOW DO WE FIND STEVE? IS HE HURT BAD?
FOLLOW ME, IT'S OOOF! WATCH THAT FIRST--
OOOF! THANKS FOR THE WARNING. ANYWAY, WHAT'S THIS PLACE YOU COME FROM LIKE? DO THE WHALES FLOAT IN THE AIR?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, OF COURSE NOT. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT WHALES PUSH THROUGH THE EARTH, NOT THE AIR.
WOW, AN "EARTH WHALE". COOL.
OKAY, SO WHAT ELSE GOES ON THERE?
WHUMP
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN ANOTHER WORLD?
LOOK, MAXX, I WON'T LIE...I'D LOVE TO BE STEVE, YOU, OR MY OLD FRIENDS DAVE AND JULIE AND PRETEND THERE'S ANOTHER WORLD.
BUT I HAVE A SERIES OF BELIEFS. I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE THEM--I HAVE TO. IF THEY'RE NOT TRUE, THEN THE WHOLE WORLD MEANS NOTHING.
OKAY, SARA...WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE?
I DON'T BELIEVE THAT THERE'S ANOTHER WORLD, OR THAT PEOPLE CAN MOVE THINGS WITH THEIR MINDS, OR THAT MY MOM'S GOING TO RECOVER FROM CANCER OVERNIGHT JUST TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER--OR THAT MY DAD'S JUST A SWELL GUY WHO'S MISUNDERSTOOD.
THE PRINCESS IN HER QUILT CASTLE COULD MOVE THINGS WITH HER MIND. HER LEFT HAND WOULD START TO GLOW AND...
BESIDES, EVEN IF YOU COULD MOVE A GLASS OF WATER WITH YOUR MIND, YOU'D STILL BE THE SAME SCREWED-UP PERSON YOU WERE BEFORE, RIGHT?
MAXX, WILL YOU SHUT UP!
SORRY.

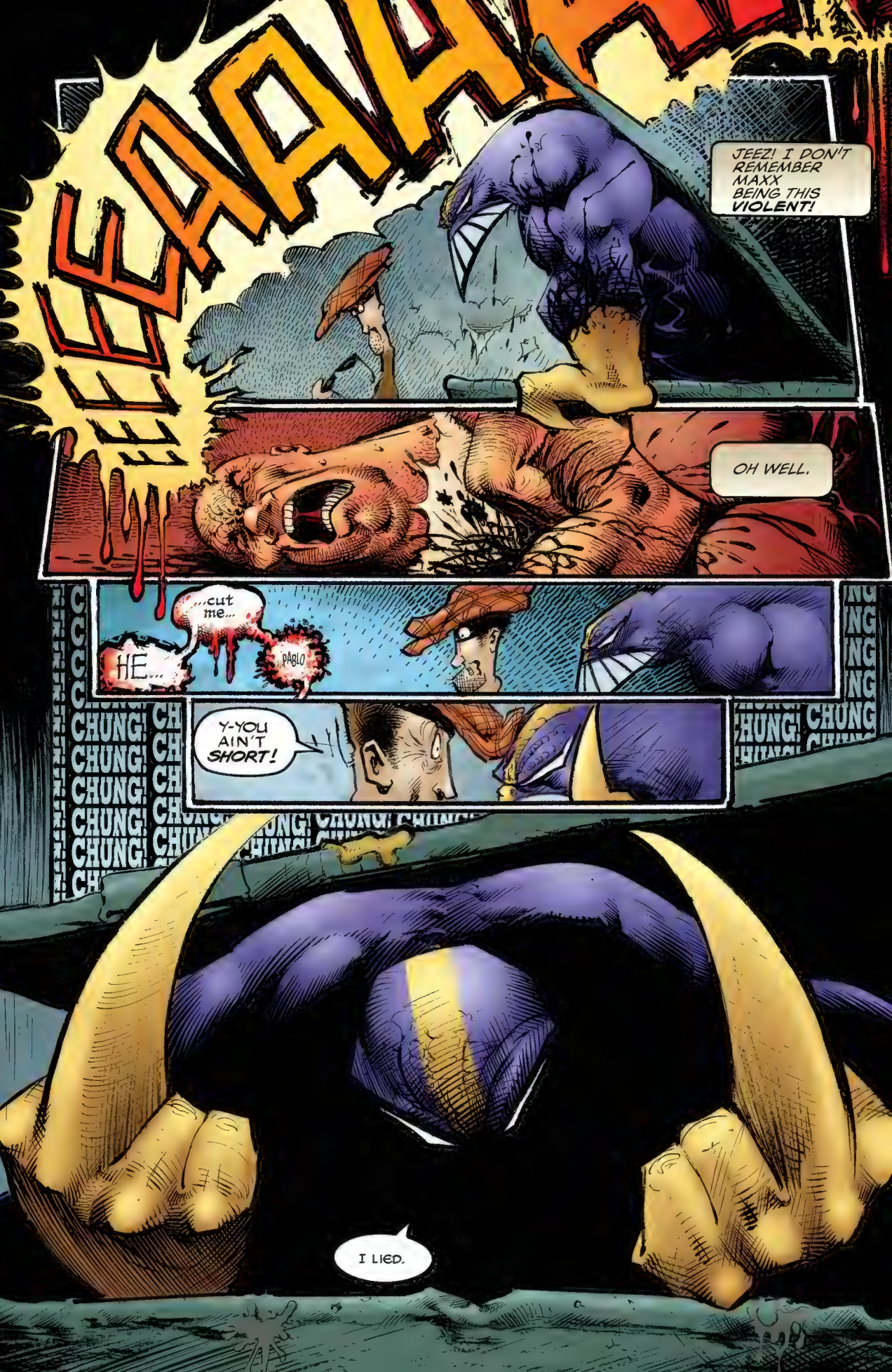
KEEP GOING, WE'RE ALMOST THERE! CAN YOU FEEL THE MAGIC, MY PRINCESS?
OH, YEAH. CRAWLING ON MY HANDS AND KNEES THROUGH GARBAGE ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL MAGICAL.
A CYNICAL ATTITUDE MASKS A BROKEN HEART.
DEEP.
NOW YOU'RE SURE HE'S RIGHT HERE, MAXX? WAIT-- I THINK I SEE THE OPENING...
YOU'VE MADE IT, MY PRINCESS. YOU'RE IN PANGEA!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. MY CHILDHOOD TOYS. I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM SINCE I WAS A LITTLE GIRL!
PUMPKIN!
MR. YAKITY-TAKITY!
POOCHIE!
AND MR. DIAL-A-DOODLE!
THEY'RE REAL--
--AND THEY'RE HUGE!
PUMP

HEY WAAAIIT A MINUTE! I MUST BE LOSING MY MARBLES!
SARA, WAIT! YOU'RE SLIPPING BACK!
IT'S JUST JUNK! A CHEESY STONEHENGE BUILT TO LOOK LIKE MY OLD TOYS!
BUT WHY, NORBERT? AND WHERE THE HELL IS STEVE?
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE STEVE IS, DO YOU? HE'S PROBABLY OUT BOOZING IT UP WITH SKYE.
BOY, AM I A SUCKER.

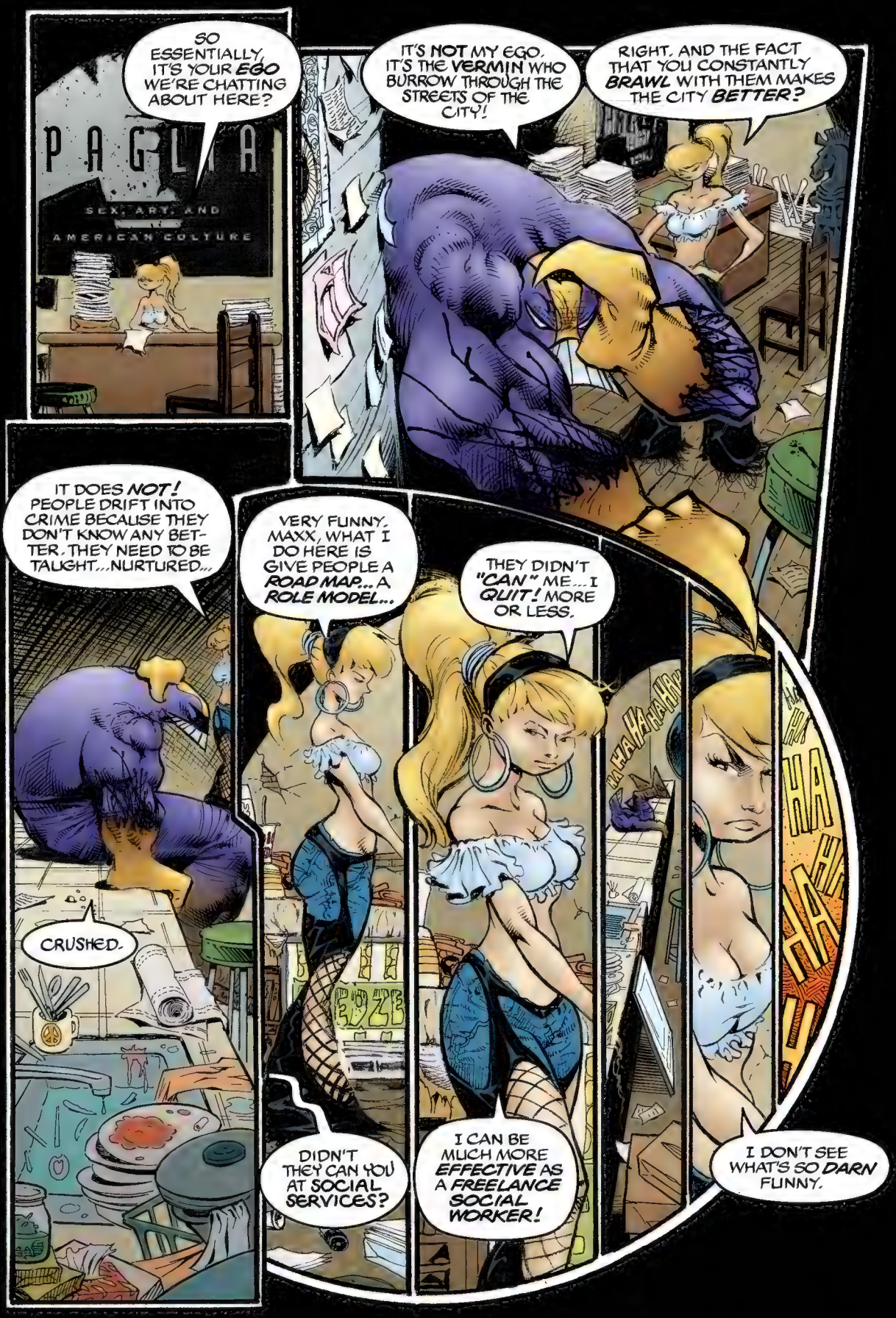
THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR LETTING ANOTHER LOONEY INTO MY LIFE! DAMN IT, NORBERT!
I'VE FAILED. THE FOUR YOU MENTIONED WERE SENT HERE FROM PANGEA TO STOP IAGO...BUT WERE SLAIN. I BUILT THESE MONUMENTS IN THEIR MEMORY--AND I HOPED THAT SEEING THEM WOULD HELP YOU REMEMBER.
BONK
UH-OH. SARA, WATCH OUT--
SARA? SARA? WAKE UP!
HUMP
SHUT UP, NORBERT. I'M TRYING TO GET SOME SLEEP.
NOW WHERE WAS I? OH YEAH...
AMAZING DREAM of MAXX & JULIE


MAXX
I CAN'T BELIEVE IN OTHER WORLDS.
IT SEEMS LIKE EVERYTHING I USED TO BELIEVE IS JUST FALLING APART...LIKE IT WAS ALL A DREAM. MOM'S CANCER, DAD'S CRIMES, MAXX AND JULIE LEAVING...LIKE IT WAS ALL JUST A BAD DREAM.
I MISS MAXX.
MAXX WAS REAL. I MEAN I THINK HE WAS REAL...

...I MEAN I KNOW HE WASN'T REAL... BUT I BELIEVED IN HIM ANYWAY. I MEAN...
MUSTARD
CHUNK CHUNK CHUNK CHUNK
LOOKY, WUGS. THERE'S S'POSE T'BE SOME OLD BUM WHO LIVES INNA DUMPSTER HERE.
D'WE GET T'BURN HIM, HUH? DO WE, PABLO? HUH? HUH?
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH
M'BBEE.
GO 'WAY. I'M WEAK AND DEFENSELESS! I'M JUST A SHORT, LI'L GUY.
SHORT, HUH? YOU GOT ENNY FOOD IN THERE? ENNY MONEY? I GOTTA MATCH OUT HERE WI' Y'R NAME ON IT!
SQUIRT!
YEAH, I'M SHORT...
3301
AAAAAAAEEEEE
BUT I C'N REACH YOU!

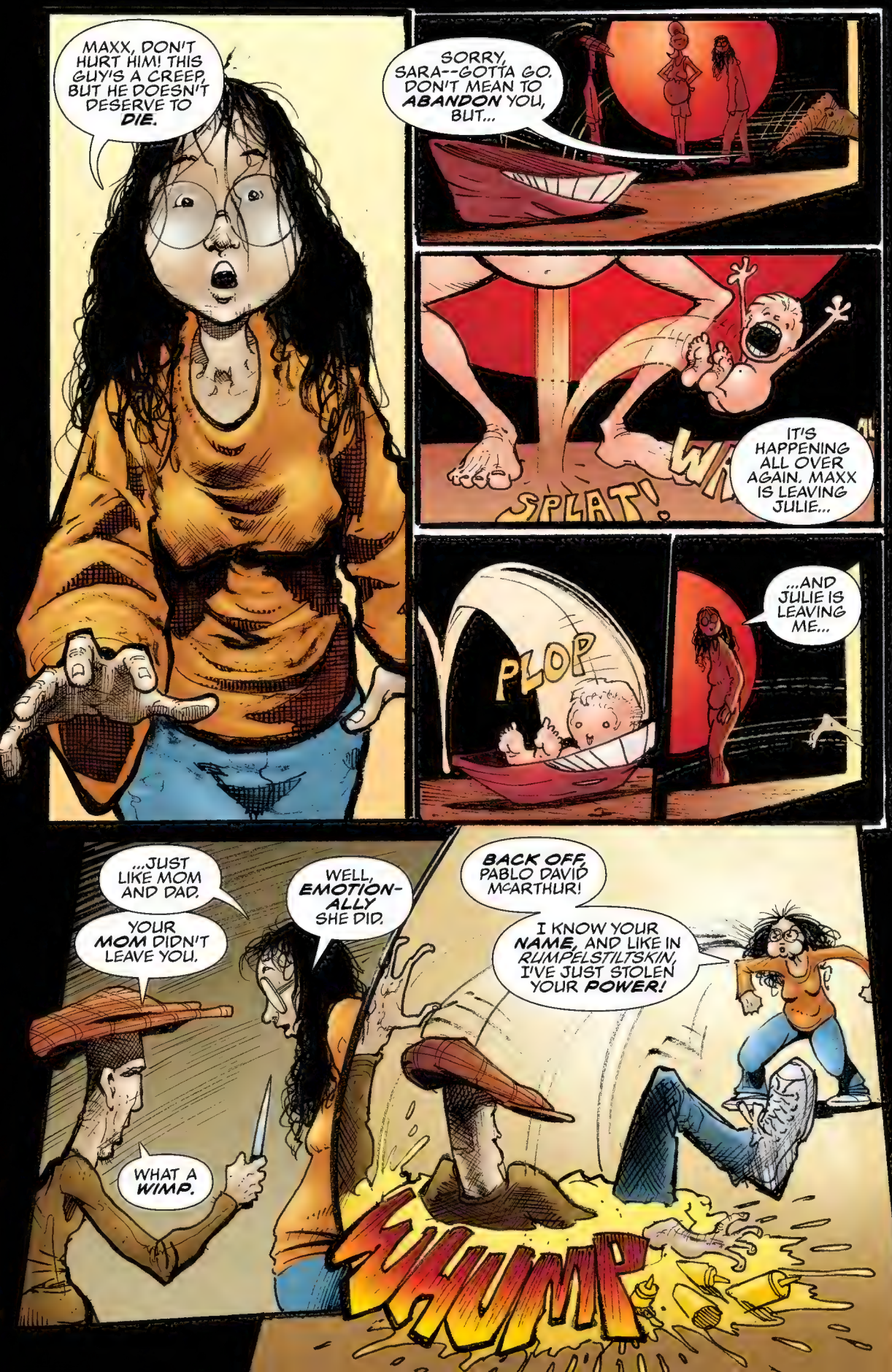

SLASH
JEEZ! I DON'T REMEMBER MAXX BEING THIS VIOLENT!
OH WELL.
...cut me...
HE...
PABLO
Y-YOU AIN'T SHORT!
CHUNG!
I LIED.

YOU AIN'T GETTIN' ME!
SPLAT!
NOBODY GETS PABLO McARTHUR!
WHAM
WHAM
WHAM
WHAM
WHAM
GOTTA GET AWAY! GOTTA GET HELP!
BOY, THAT MUST'VE HURT!
BUT WHAT WAS WORSE...
...WAS THE HUMILIATION!
THE CITY'S HERO.
BEATEN BY ONE GUY,
WITH A GARBAGE CAN LID!
NOW THAT'S THE MAXX I REMEMBER!


SO ESSENTIALLY, IT'S YOUR EGO WE'RE CHATTING ABOUT HERE?
PAGLIA
SEX, ART, AND AMERICAN CULTURE
IT'S NOT MY EGO. IT'S THE VERMIN WHO BURROW THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY!
RIGHT. AND THE FACT THAT YOU CONSTANTLY BRAWL WITH THEM MAKES THE CITY BETTER?
IT DOES NOT! PEOPLE DRIFT INTO CRIME BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER. THEY NEED TO BE TAUGHT... NURTURED...
CRUSHED.
VERY FUNNY, MAXX. WHAT I DO HERE IS GIVE PEOPLE A ROAD MAP... A ROLE MODEL...
THEY DIDN'T "CAN" ME... I QUIT! MORE OR LESS.
HAHAHA!
HA HA HA
DIDN'T THEY CAN YOU AT SOCIAL SERVICES?
I CAN BE MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE AS A FREELANCE SOCIAL WORKER!
I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO DARN FUNNY.

SO YOU HADDA JOB MOST PEOPLE'D RATHER EAT GROUND GLASS THAN DO... AND YOU QUIT SO YOU C'D DO IT FREE?
AND YOU THINK I'M NUTS?
WUMP!
I THINK YOU'RE A MAN WHO SEES AIR-WHALES. THERE'S A NEW COPY OF PSYCHOLOGY TODAY IN THERE. ENJOY.
I'LL BE OUT HERE HELPING PEOPLE!
Umm. HI. I CAME TO GET FOOD STAMPS... WELFARE... ADC...
FINE. GOOD. AND YOUR NAME IS PABLO, RIGHT?
McARTHUR. PABLO DAVID McARTHUR.
SEE, I JUST HAD LIKE A BUSINESS REVERSE. MY PARTNER...TOOK SICK.
Uh-huh. I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS TO TEST YOUR COPING SKILLS...
IF YOU WERE LOST IN A STRANGE AIR-PORT, WHAT WOULD YOU DO FIRST?
WELL, FIRST I'D SEE HOW MUCH OF IT WOULD BURN...

LOOK OUT, JULIE! HE HAS MUSTARD AND HE KNOWS HOW TO USE IT!
YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, PABLO!
YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME. I'M IN A SOCIAL WORKER'S OFFICE.
OKAY, MAYBE YOU CAN, BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT RIGHT.
EVERYBODY FREEZE!


MAXX, DON'T HURT HIM! THIS GUY'S A CREEP, BUT HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO DIE.
SORRY, SARA--GOTTA GO. DON'T MEAN TO ABANDON YOU, BUT...
SPLAT!
IT'S HAPPENING ALL OVER AGAIN. MAXX IS LEAVING JULIE...
PLOP
...AND JULIE IS LEAVING ME...
...JUST LIKE MOM AND DAD.
YOUR MOM DIDN'T LEAVE YOU.
WELL, EMOTIONALLY SHE DID.
WHAT A WIMP.
BACK OFF, PABLO DAVID McARTHUR!
I KNOW YOUR NAME, AND LIKE IN RUMPELSTILTSKIN, I'VE JUST STOLEN YOUR POWER!
WHUMP

MY NAME'S NOT RUMPEL-SCUMBLEDON.
WHO CARES! YOU'RE JUST LIKE EVERY STRANGE MAN MOM WARNED ME ABOUT--SEEDY, UNSHAVEN AND FULL OF MUSTARD!
MUSTARD
MOVE OVER!
HEY!
NOT ALL MEN--SOME ARE SAFE AND CUDDLY AND FULL OF KETCHUP!
WATCH IT!
OUCH!
YOU'RE YELLOW INSIDE AND OUT! OKAY, WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME? AND DON'T MAKE ME SQUEEZE IT OUT OF YOU!
SARA, YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG. I'M A VICTIM OF SOCIETY. I CAN'T BE HELD PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS.
DON'T LISTEN, SARA! HE'S LYING!
MY HORSIE! NORBERT!
HIS FACE IS A MASK! TAKE IT OFF AND HE'LL TELL YOU HIS REAL NAME!
YOU

I FORGIVE YOU, MR. GONE.
I DON'T.
I DO.
I SEE IT YOUR WAY, BUT I'M STILL PRETTY PISSED OFF.
I WANT YOU TO ROT IN HELL, YOU PATHETIC WORM.
GEE, SARA... MY OWN VICTIMS CAN'T DECIDE AMONG THEMSELVES WHETHER TO FORGIVE ME OR NOT.
THE IRONY IS, THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON I WANT FORGIVENESS FROM. BUT MY DEFENSES ARE TOO STRONG. I'M NOT ABOUT TO ADMIT VULNERABILITY WHILE I'M MR. GONE. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT.
DON'T STOP HERE, SARA, KEEP GOING! PEEL BACK ANOTHER LAYER!
HIS FACE IS ANOTHER MASK!
DADDY?

SARA! HOW'S MY LITTLE PEANUT? HELP DADDY OUT OF THESE TOYS.
DADDY, YOU'RE BACK! MOMMY SAID YOU KILLED YOURSELF.
PEANUT, SHE WAS JUST PROTECTING YOU.
WHY DID YOU LEAVE ME AND MOMMY, DADDY? I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LOVE ME. DID I DO SOMPIN' BAD TO MAKE YOU ANGRY?
NO, SWEETIE. DADDY IS SORRY HE LEFT. HE WAS SICK, BUT HE'S BETTER NOW. HE LOVES YOU AND WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU AGAIN.
DON'T LISTEN, SARA!
NO! DADDY LOVES ME!
I'M SURE HE DOES...
...BUT EVERY-BODY LEAVES...
...SOMEDAY.
SARA, LOOK OUT! JUMP ON HORSIE'S BACK!
I'LL SAVE YOU FROM THAT EVIL SLUG!
KEEP GOING, HORSIE! GIDDYUP!
FASTER FASTER! HE'S GAINING!

DON'T STOP...HORSIE... KEEP GOING...
HUH? WHAT A FREAKY NIGHTMARE!
WELL...THIS IS KIND OF AWKWARD. AT LEAST ME AND NORBERT ARE THE ONLY ONES HERE...
SARA! YOU'RE AWAKE! FINALLY!
WHAT HAPPENED?
LISTEN-- IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S KIND OF DANGEROUS TO GO OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TO A JUNKYARD AND GET HIT ON THE HEAD?
WE WERE LOOKING FOR YOU, YOU IDIOT.
ANYWAY, THAT GUY BROUGHT YOU HERE IN THE RAIN AND PROBABLY SAVED YOUR LIFE.
I GUESS HE'S 0-FOR-2 BETWEEN THE TWO OF US.
YEAH. I GUESS SO...

LISTEN, YOUR MOM CALLED. SHE WAS PRETTY GROGGY FROM PAIN KILLERS...
...BUT SHE SAID YOUR GRANDDAD WAS BURIED, NOT CREMATED!
SO WHAT'S YOUR DAD UP TO, LYING ABOUT THE URN?
I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING PSYCHIC GOING ON WITH THAT THING...
SNORT SNORT
...WISH I COULD GET THE LID OFF...MAYBE WITH MY MIND.

THIS ISN'T HAPPENING. EVEN IF THERE WAS A HORSIE UNDER THIS BLANKET AND I COULD MOVE THINGS WITH MY MIND, I'M STILL THE SAME OLD SCREWED-UP SARA, RIGHT?
IT DOESN'T MEAN EVERY-THING I BELIEVE IS CRAP.
OF COURSE NOT. THEN WHY AM I STILL SHAKING?
SARA, COME WITH ME TO THE PIER. I'LL PROVE IAGO EXISTS.
WELL...
YEAH, LET'S GO TO THE PIER!
AND SO...
A SKIRT? I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN HER IN A SKIRT...
ME EITHER. INTERESTING...
WILL YOU TWO KNOCK IT OFF! EVERYTHING ELSE IS DIRTY!
I DON'T WANT IT IN THE HOUSE. GOD KNOWS WHAT'S IN IT.
WHY'D YOU BRING THE URN?

SO, NORBERT, YOU SAY YOU'RE ACTUALLY A "PART OF SARA'S PSYCHE" THAT CAME INTO OUR WORLD TO STOP A KILLER SLUG?
AND SARA'S A PRINCESS WHO MOVES THINGS WITH HER MAGIC HAND?
I WOULDN'T POINT FINGERS, STEVE.
LOOK, I KNOW YOU SEE ME OUT THERE EXPLORING PSYCHIC PHENOMENA, AND YOU GUYS WANT IN ON IT TOO. BUT YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND I'M A TRAINED PROFESSIONAL. YOU GUYS ARE GONNA NEED MY HELP.
SO WHAT'S YOUR ADVICE?
LET'S CALL IT A NIGHT AND GO HOME FOR CEREAL AND PIZZA. WE NEED TO REPLENISH OUR PSYCHIC ENERGY.
STEVE, YOU'RE FIRED.
LOOK, THE TRUTH IS, YOU GUYS DON'T EVEN HAVE PSYCHIC ABILITIES! I'M THE ONE WHO DESERVES ESP AND MIND POWER. WHY DOES THIS ALWAYS HAVE TO BE ABOUT YOU, SARA? I'M THE ONE WHO'S STUDIED--
LOOK, STEVE, I CAN'T HELP IT IF I'VE GOT A GUY WHO FOLLOWS ME AROUND THINKING I'M MORE PSYCHIC THAN YOU-- I'M SORRY, BUT DEAL WITH IT! IF I BELIEVED FOR A MINUTE THAT I REALLY DID HAVE MAGIC POWERS I'D GIVE THEM TO YOU RIGHT NOW, OKAY?! HAPPY?
STEVE, WAIT--AW, GEEZ...

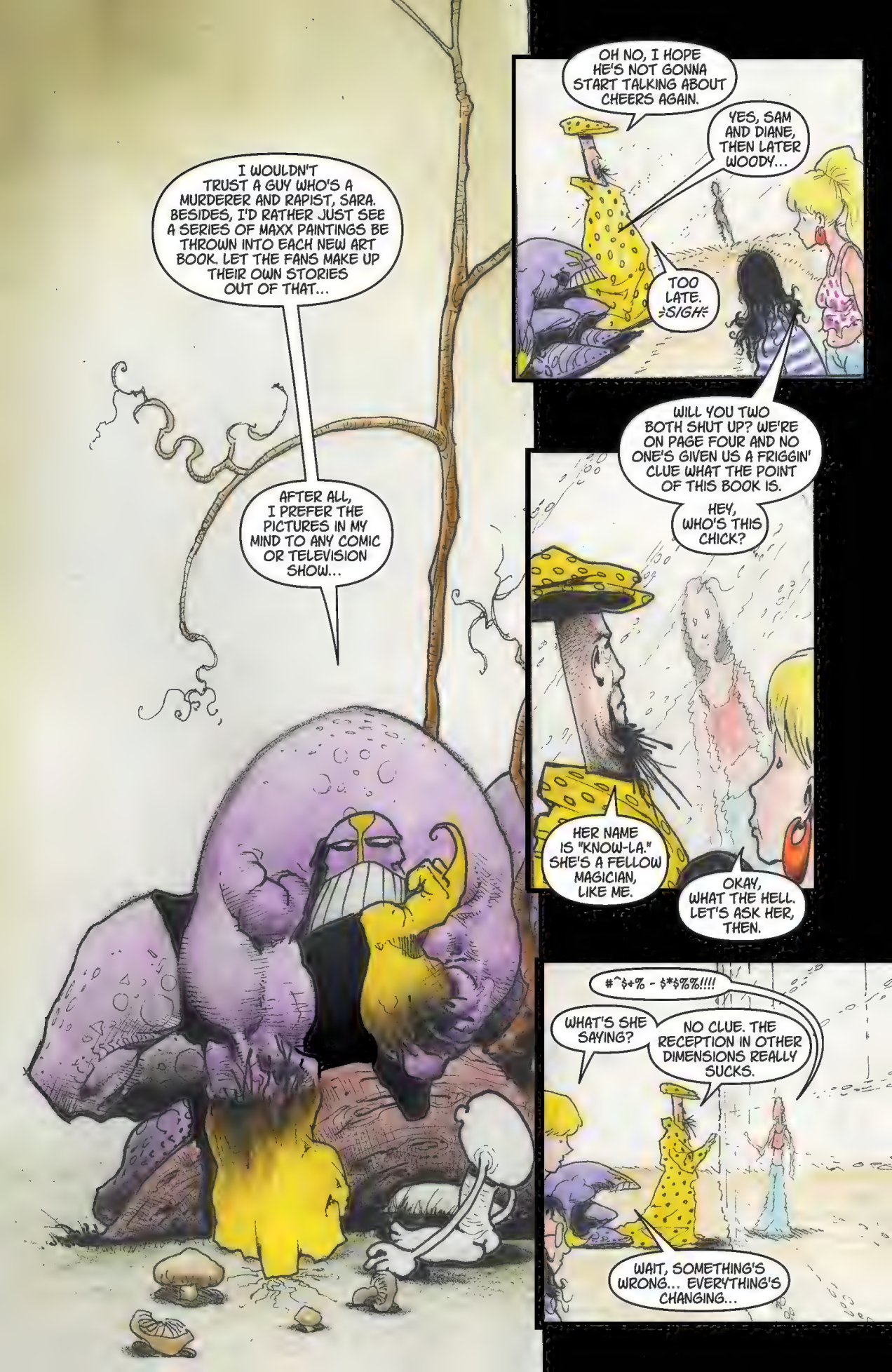
SARA... ARE YOU... OKAY?
NO.
IT'S TIME, SARA. LOOK AT ME, PLEASE.
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK?
I DON'T HAVE TO... PUT IT BACK ON.
SARA...?
SO YOU BELIEVE. YOU'LL HELP ME STOP IAGO?

THE MAXX

"For her, I can be... a hero." With those few words, the Maxx was born.
But think about it, Maxx never was a classic Superhero. More anti-hero. Outsider. Misfit. At odds with himself and misguided about the world around him. Truth is, there was never anything really heroic about the Maxx, was there?
People want new Maxx stories, but anything new is sure to disappoint. Fans want to use Maxx to travel back on a flying carpet of nostalgia when they get a Maxx fix.
But that's as vast an illusion as the outback is. But all that aside, the real burning question on all fans' minds is: What in the heck is the Maxx story... actually ABOUT????

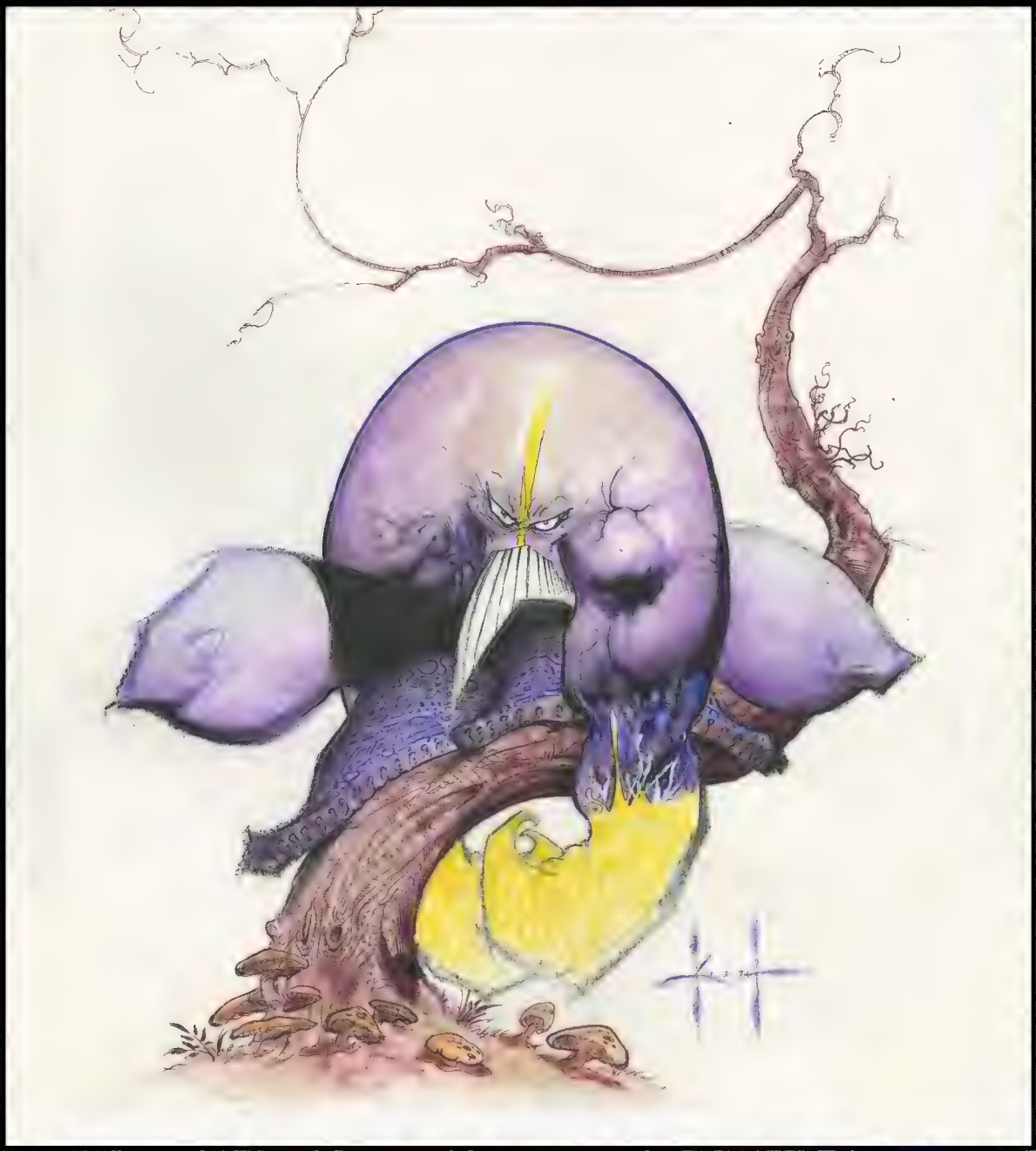
For one thing, take a look at this image of Maxx. It's just an illusion–only how Maxx sees himself: romantic, bulging with muscles, heroically protecting the outback.
But in reality, he's a tattered homeless guy wearing a goofy lampshade, a lampshade that he *imagines* to be a skin-tight mask.
BUDGET LAMP SHADE
HOW EMBARRASSING. I HAD NO IDEA.
MEEP
(THAT'S ISZ-SPEAK FOR "I TOLD YOU SO")
I DISAGREE, THERE'S MORE TO MAXX THAN LAMPSHADES. THERE'S SUBTEXT, SURREALISM, FANTASY, MYTHOLOGY, AND DEEP STUFF LIKE THAT IN OUR STORIES, TOO.
YEAH, BUT YOU'RE BIASED. YOU'RE *IN* THE STORIES, SO YOU'RE HARDLY OBJECTIVE.
WELL, YOU'RE IN THEM TOO, SARA. OKAY, LET'S ASK SOMEONE WHO TRAVELS THROUGH MANY PEOPLE'S MINDS INSTEAD...
OH, NOT THIS GUY AGAIN...
NOW WHO'S BIASED? JUST BECAUSE HE'S YOUR DAD DOESN'T MEAN HE'S NOT STILL PROBABLY THE MOST KNOWLEDGEABLE PERSON IN THE MAXX-A-VERSE, WHATEVER THE HECK THAT IS.
SO WHAT'S THE MAXX REALLY ABOUT, MR. GONE?

HELLO, I'M MR. GONE, AND I REFUSE TO BE IN THE SAME ROOM AS THOSE OTHER LOSERS ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE.
INSTEAD, I'M GOING TO HOG THIS PAGE ALL TO MYSELF.
THE OUTBACK IS A CONCEPT THAT GOES FAR PAST MAXX'S PERSONAL UNCONSCIOUS. YES, ON ONE LEVEL, IT'S A STUPID BOOK ABOUT A GUY WEARING A LAMPSHADE IN DENIAL.
ON ANOTHER LEVEL, IT'S ALL THAT PRETENTIOUS CRAP JULIE SAID IT WAS. FOR SARA, IT'S A BIT OF FATHER-DAUGHTER DRAMA, TOO, BUT THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER SUBPLOT.
DAD... (I MEAN, MR. GONE)... JUST SHUT UP. THIS STORY ISN'T EVEN REALLY HAPPENING. IT MUST BE TAKING PLACE IN ONE OF OUR HEADS.
GOOD POINT, SARA, BUT THAT DOESN'T INVALIDATE IT. IN A WAY, ANY NEW MAXX STORY WILL BE AN ALTERNATE REALITY. MAXX TURNS LEFT DOWN AN ALLEY, THEN ONE STORY UNFOLDS, THE ONE IN THE COMIC RIGHT NOW. HOWEVER, IF MAXX TURNS RIGHT, THEN PERHAPS A WHOLE ALTERNATE SERIES OF EVENTS COULD BE SET IN MOTION.
WOW, DAD. THAT'S REALLY HEAVY.
YES, BUT ONLY IF THE CREATOR DRAWS IT IN THE FIRST PLACE. HE MAY NOT.
NOW, YOU'RE ALL ALLOWED TO JOIN ME IN THE OUTBACK AGAIN.

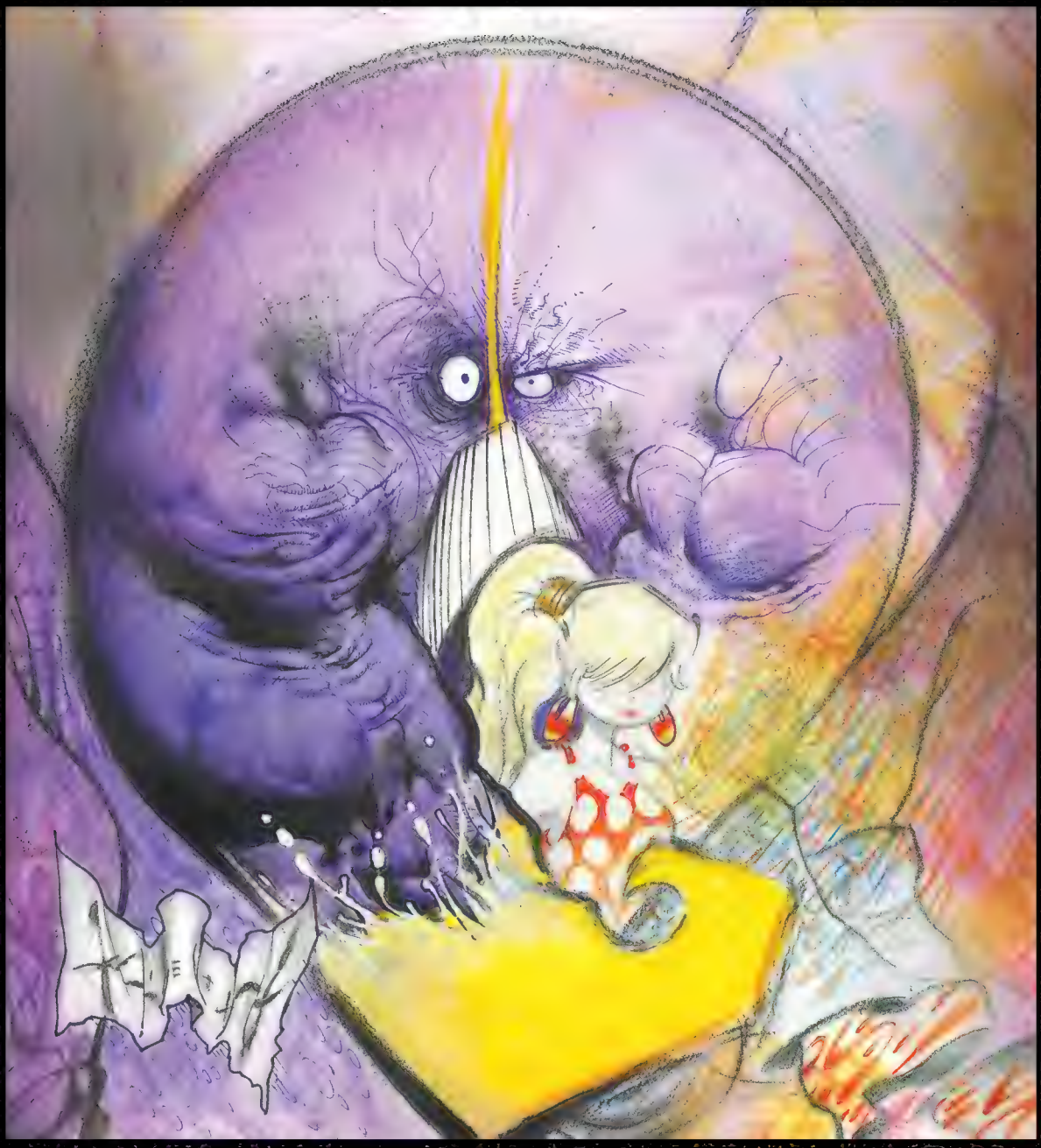

I WOULDN'T TRUST A GUY WHO'S A MURDERER AND RAPIST, SARA. BESIDES, I'D RATHER JUST SEE A SERIES OF MAXX PAINTINGS BE THROWN INTO EACH NEW ART BOOK. LET THE FANS MAKE UP THEIR OWN STORIES OUT OF THAT...
AFTER ALL, I PREFER THE PICTURES IN MY MIND TO ANY COMIC OR TELEVISION SHOW...
OH NO, I HOPE HE'S NOT GONNA START TALKING ABOUT CHEERS AGAIN.
YES, SAM AND DIANE, THEN LATER WOODY...
TOO LATE. =SIGH=
WILL YOU TWO BOTH SHUT UP? WE'RE ON PAGE FOUR AND NO ONE'S GIVEN US A FRIGGIN' CLUE WHAT THE POINT OF THIS BOOK IS.
HEY, WHO'S THIS CHICK?
HER NAME IS "KNOW-LA." SHE'S A FELLOW MAGICIAN, LIKE ME.
OKAY, WHAT THE HELL. LET'S ASK HER, THEN.
#^$+% - $*$%%!!!!
WHAT'S SHE SAYING?
NO CLUE. THE RECEPTION IN OTHER DIMENSIONS REALLY SUCKS.
WAIT, SOMETHING'S WRONG... EVERYTHING'S CHANGING...

SHH... CALM DOWN, MAXX. YOU'RE HERE WITH ME, AT HOME.
BUT I WAS IN THE OUTBACK... I WAS REALLY *THERE,* JULIE. SARA, GONE, AND SOMEONE ELSE, A STRANGER... UHH... MY HEAD HURTS. WE WERE TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL.
TODD
RUNGREN
JUST REST UP. YOU'RE SAFE NOW.
FOR HER, I WAS... A HERO.
...HERO FOR WHO, MAXX?
THE JUNGLE QUEEN, OF COURSE. DUH.
WELL, MY LOVE, I GUESS... THERE ARE WORSE DREAMS TO RETREAT INTO.

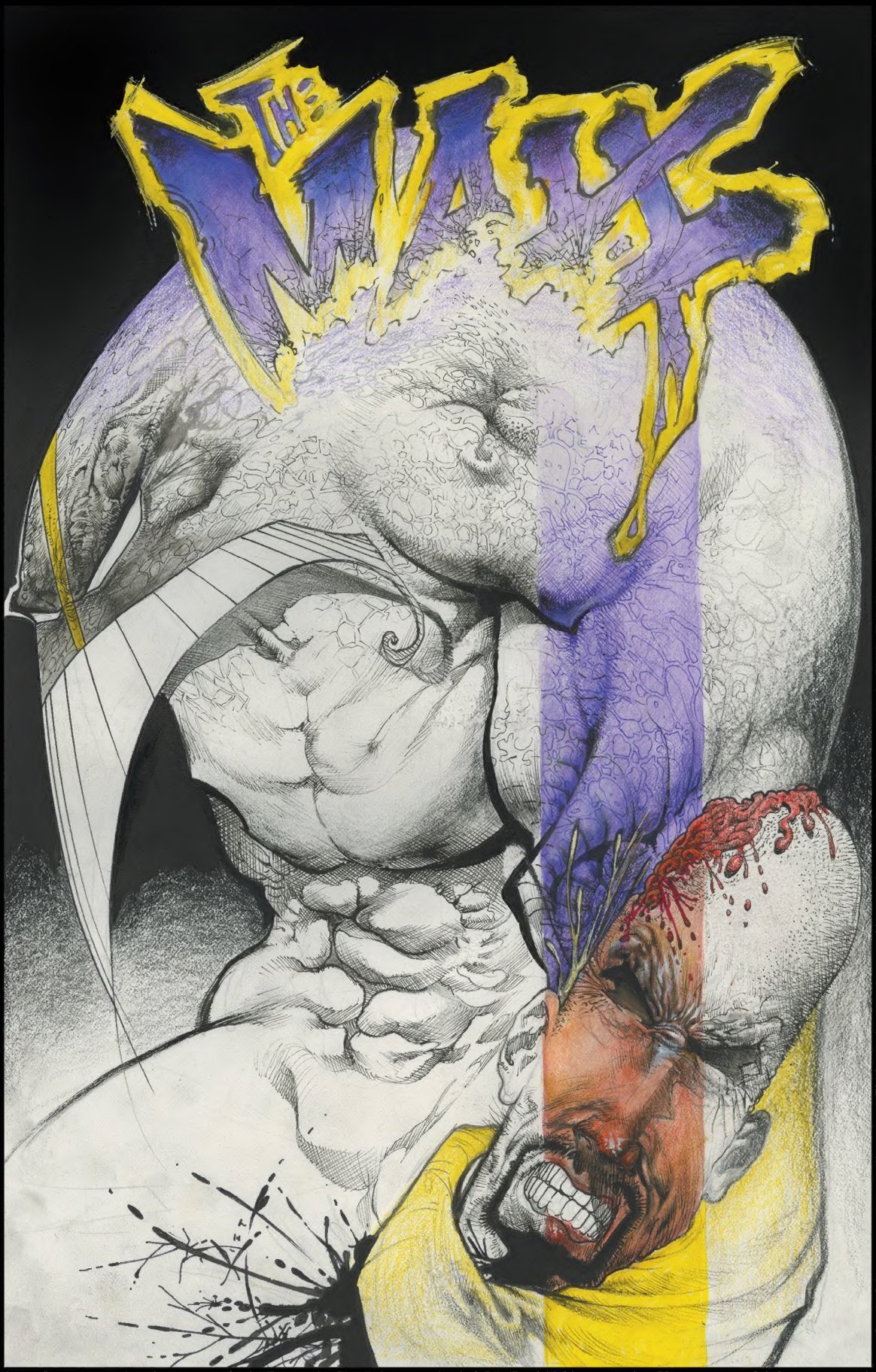
Sam Kieth
Art Gallery



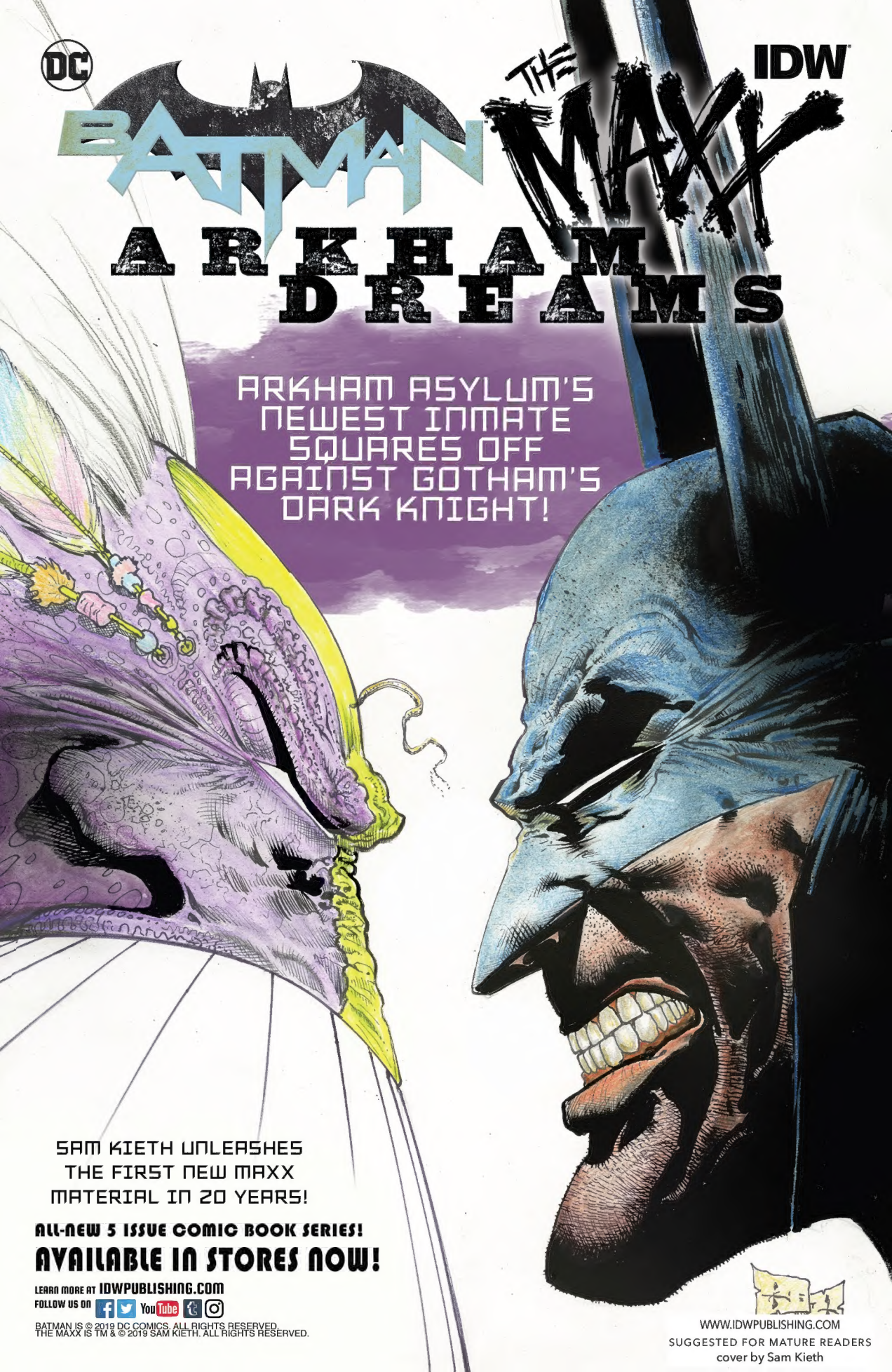
THE
MAXX



MAD


THE MASK

THE
MAXX


DC
BATMAN
THE MAXX
IDW
ARKHAM DREAMS
ARKHAM ASYLUM'S NEWEST INMATE SQUARES OFF AGAINST GOTHAM'S DARK KNIGHT!
SAM KIETH UNLEASHES THE FIRST NEW MAXX MATERIAL IN 20 YEARS!
ALL-NEW 5 ISSUE COMIC BOOK SERIES!
AVAILABLE IN STORES NOW!
LEARN MORE AT IDWPUBLISHING.COM
FOLLOW US ON
BATMAN IS © 2019 DC COMICS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
THE MAXX IS TM & © 2019 SAM KIETH. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
cover by Sam Kieth